The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1934 No. 3600

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1887, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by The Nation, Inc.; Oswald Garrison Villard, Publisher.
Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

WHEN HEARINGS were being held on the preliminary steel code just about a year ago, Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, did not hesitate to challenge the steel companies, to call unequivocally for higher wages, shorter hours, and fairer relations between steel workers and their employers. She pointed out that "by some oversight" the steel companies had neglected to provide for the complete abolition of child labor, that the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day could still be permitted under the provisions of the code for an average work week over a six months' period, and in general she brought up an array of facts and displayed a quality of firmness and courage which seemed to indicate that the new deal for labor under the NIRA was more than windy declarations which had no actual content. That was in August, 1933. Today we find Miss Perkins chosen by President Roosevelt as mediator between the steel unions and the Steel Institute. As Louis Adamic shows in his article in this week's *Nation,* the rank-and-file insurgents in the unions have been persuaded by their leaders and by the Administration to call off their strike and accept a plan of conciliation whose tone is considerably milder than the proposals advanced when talk of a steel strike was first begun. The union proposal, in effect the President's proposal, is the creation of an impartial board to consider violations of the steel code, provision for elections to determine by whom the workers shall be represented, and further provisions that, once workers' representatives have been duly chosen, they shall have power to negotiate with the employers in disputes over working conditions.

NO DIRECT ANSWER to these proposals has as yet come from the steel men. Miss Perkins explains that she prefers to be thought of as a "moderator" rather than a mediator, that she has submitted the union proposals without recommendation and is now waiting for the counterplan of the employers. But if the latter have so far made no formal reply, they have made an informal one by indicating in every way possible their complete intransigence in the whole question of negotiations with the workers. When discussions about the strike call were in progress, they refused to meet with union representatives; they have repeatedly reiterated their uncompromising hostility to the closed shop and to recognition of the union; they have strung barbed wire in front of the steel mills, have supplied the commissaries with emergency cots and food supplies, and have engaged a well-known strike-breaking agency to be on hand to conduct a successful job of scabbing in the event of a strike; and when a *World-Telegram* reporter, Talcott Powell, went to Gary to look around a bit while there was still a prospect that a strike would be called on June 16, he was arrested by company police and was just saved from a police "work-out" by the timely intervention of a friend. In other words, Miss Perkins as "mediator" or "moderator," no matter which, has a tough job ahead of her. She has a tough job because the steel companies are determined to pursue to the last ditch their hostility to the union, because the plans offered by both sides so far are completely irreconcilable, and, much more important, because to date the Administration has given no evidence that it will attempt seriously to enforce the provisions of the NIRA which are embodied in the union plan. The Budd and Weirton cases among others have demonstrated the weakness of the government's position. With all the good-will in the world toward labor—and Secretary Perkins has demonstrated that she has that good-will—she can make the steel companies retreat only by a show of force. So far the force has been sadly lacking. But if the steel settlement, when it comes, suits the steel companies and not the workers, it will be sad proof that the Administration at Washington from Mr. Roosevelt down has been hog-tied by industry and is without the strength—if it has the will—to break loose.

YIELDING to rank-and-file pressure, William Green has grudgingly consented to the formation of a United Automobile Workers National Council—a first step toward forming "one big union" of automotive workers. Among the members of the Council is Thomas Ramsey, the A. F. of L. union leader in the recent strike of the Auto-Lite workers at Toledo. At the Detroit conference a militant group demanded immediate formation of an auto-workers industrial

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union and passed sharp resolutions attacking General Johnson and Dr. Leo Wolman, of the Automobile Labor Board, and blacklisting the latter from future service as an NRA mediator. Among the charges are that the board has complacently permitted the manufacturers to entrench the company unions in preparation for another crisis, which is bound to come during the next high-production period of the industry. Clearly, the obsolete craft-union organization of labor under the A. F. of L. is cracking up; most of the "federal" unions chartered since the NRA are in effect local industrial unions and the demand for integrating them into international industrial unions has come with equal insistence from workers in the rubber, radio, and other industries. Moreover, Mr. Green is steadily being driven into an anti-government position. As a labor politician, obliged alternately to placate government, the heads of the craft unions, and the growing militancy of the rank and file, his role becomes increasingly difficult.

INDUSTRIAL NEW ENGLAND looks on as union organizers and manufacturers gird themselves for the impending struggle for control of the 25,000 employees in the factories of Waterbury, Connecticut. Thus far the NRA has fiddled, and the employers—the Waterbury Clock Company specifically—have called the tune; as usual, the tune is company unions "elected" by a vote of 10 per cent of the workers, some of whom cast ballots for Mickey Mouse. Under the code proposed by the Clock Manufacturers of America, which was not adopted, wages were set at $14 weekly for men and $12 for women. As evidenced by the company's statement, what the workers have received during the past year averaged slightly more than $7 a week for a forty-hour week. In the course of the wrangle with the NRA authorities, Mrs. E. M. Herrick, acting chairman of the Regional Labor Board, stated that the company, "while seeking protection from unfair trade practices, has neither joined the NRA, nor is it willing in good faith to bargain until forced to do so by signing the industry code." Some of the Waterbury factories are under the NRA; significantly, the chairman and two members of the code authority for the brass and copper-goods industry are presidents of the three outstanding factories in the city. Recently, influenced by the organizing activities of the International Association of Machinists and the undercover attempts of polishers and buffers to build a union, the leading factories announced a 10-per-cent wage increase. Both sides will probably mark time during the summer, but if the employers continue their present intransigence, a first-class battle is in prospect for the fall. Contemplating this prospect, Waterbury may recall the 1920 strike when the workers fought a pitched battle with the police and militia. This time the workers are if anything more determined, the employers have learned nothing, and the NRA has yet to prove that it can either persuade or compel them.

THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, in proposing a change in that section of their code which relates to the licensing of newsboys, have informed a waiting world that selling papers is not child labor at all. Of course not; and permitting children to work in the beet fields from sunrise to sunset isn't child labor either; and for children to pick the sharp shells off shrimps until their hands get sore isn't child labor. If you don't believe it, ask the beet growers and the owners of the shrimp canneries. Not so many years ago mine owners would have assured you that for children to pick coal in the dark ten hours a day wasn't child labor, but a lot of people have rather contradicted that, so the mine owners don't say it any more. The publishers are still saying it about the newsboys: Just honest, helpful work, bustling around getting rid of papers before and after school and as late in the evening as boys are permitted to work; they add to the family income by doing it and grow up to be great big captains of industry, all of whom, as we know, started as newsboys at the bottom rung of the ladder. The only fly in the beautiful salve put out by the publishers on this subject is a statement of Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing Prison. Mr. Lawes expressed his regrets at not being able to attend the hearings on the newspaper code and added:

> I consider it very important as bearing on juvenile delinquency. It has often been said that some of our finest citizens have made their start in life through selling newspapers. In my opinion, these same men had sufficient character, even in their boyhood, to withstand the hard knocks, the temptations, and the bad associations that are a definite part of the life of a newsboy, especially in the metropolitan districts. . . . Recently I had a census taken here in Sing Sing to determine the number of inmates who had sold newspapers in their youth. . . . Of the 2,300 men, over 69 per cent had done so. . . . These figures support my contention, based on nearly thirty years experience, that juvenile delinquency and so-called criminal tendencies are largely the result of detrimental influences and associations that can often be corrected. The use of youngsters below the age of fourteen in selling newspapers, particularly in cities, is not at all calculated to correct such conditions.

No, selling papers isn't child labor; it's education—and Sing Sing is the college at which a lot of the students finally arrive.

"BARUCH WOULD BAN 'Big' War Profits," are the headlines in the New York *Times*, over a report of the address of Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War, at the graduation exercises of the Army Industrial College. Significantly, Mr. Baruch was talking not pacifism, but preparedness. After first declaring his allegiance to the profit economy in war as in peace, Mr. Baruch demanded "the recapture of all profits in bulk made by industries engaged in war supplies, above a small and reasonable return on the moneys invested." Why? First, because if the war profiteers are unchecked, the civilian morale, which according to Napoleon is two-thirds of the battle, is endangered; second, because the war inflation of the debt and its subsequent payment in deflated dollars is likely to bring about a collapse of the capitalist economy. Mr. Baruch points out that our total war expenditure was $39,000,000,000 in terms of 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920 dollars, whereas in terms of the purchasing power of 1930 dollars it would have been not more than $15,000,000,000. He doubts that we could stand another such doubling of the burden. Quite evidently what Mr. Baruch is concerned with is the problem of making war safe for capitalism, the latter being in his mind an absolute value transcending such utopian concepts as peace, in which he puts little trust. "National economics," says Mr. Baruch, "are more highly organized than ever before, and all on the basis of offense or reprisal. . . . Airplanes and navies are being increased, and from some far distant places we can faintly hear the tramp

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of increasingly greater masses of men under arms." The dilemma, then, is that the uncontrolled profit motive drives these competing capitalist states into war; but during war, the profit motive must be controlled so that capitalism may not destroy itself during and after the war which it has made. This sort of thing goes under the name of realpolitik, whereas the attempt to prevent war by the socialization of capitalist countries—this is just millennial day-dreaming!

THANKS TO Mrs. Anna Alson Determan, the University of Minnesota, on whose Board of Regents she sits, has done the truly fine thing of placing military training on an optional basis. Beginning next fall, freshmen and sophomores at the third largest State university, who prefer not to waste valuable time pursuing the art of mass killing, will be free from the compulsion to do so which has existed since the founding of the university eighty-three years ago. One of the newer regents, Mrs. Determan took the common-sense view that the university should require no more than is required by the Morrill Act, particularly since mandatory drill has been the cause of continual controversy and unfavorable publicity. If the rapid rise of sentiment against compulsory R. O. T. C. at land-grant institutions is any criterion, the action of the Minnesota regents will give fresh impetus to the stand for optional training which the University of Wisconsin took twelve years ago. Indeed, only last month the faculty at the University of Missouri, by a 2-to-1 vote, asked its Board of Curators to make the military course a matter of choice. The Missouri curators, however, listened to the professional patriots instead of to the League of Women Voters, the St. Louis Social Justice Commission, and scores of other disinterested organizations, and Missouri will continue with its compulsory R. O. T. C.

BOSTON HAD ANOTHER tea party a few weeks ago to welcome the Nazi propaganda ship Karlsruhe. To be precise, there were two tea parties. At the first one, Governor Ely and Mayor Mansfield received the Hitlerite "goodwill" gesture very cordially. The second meeting was sponsored by the Boston Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, supported by a number of other anti-fascist organizations, including the Marine Workers' Union and the Irish Workers' Club, and was attended by several hundred Harvard, Radcliffe, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology students. According to the report of an official investigating committee, signed by Professors Arthur N. Holcombe, Ralph Barton Perry, and William Ernest Hocking, the police drove the demonstrators off the lot where they had assembled, and kicked, cuffed, and clubbed with indiscriminate fury. Twenty-one persons were arrested and three of them were slugged after they had reached the station house, one of them, at least, into unconsciousness. At a farcical trial before Judge Sullivan fifteen students and workers were given sentences totaling ninety-three months in jail. The sentences were appealed, and the International Labor Defense charges that the prosecution and the court maneuvered to postpone the hearings until essential student witnesses should have left the State. The hearing is now set for the July session of the Superior Court, and the immediate struggle of the defense is to secure a postponement until fall, when the students will again be available. This brew of Nazi nastiness and police sadism, stirred with the unforgotten leavings of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is what the descendants of the Puritan Fathers are invited to sip at Beacon Hill tea parties.

CUBA CONTINUES to be a source of perpetual embarrassment to the State Department in its efforts to formulate a liberal policy for the Caribbean. Scarcely had the new treaty abrogating the Platt Amendment been announced when riots broke out in protest against the Department's hand-picked protegé—President Mendieta. Then, as a further token of ingratitude, a Cuban commission recommended the repudiation of the $60,000,000 which the Chase National Bank had advanced to Machado, on the grounds that the debt had been improperly contracted and that "the government should not impoverish its people to pay unjust profits to foreign capital." The fact that United States imports from Cuba have declined from $264,000,000 in 1925 to a scant $58,000,000 in 1933 makes it evident that Cuba could ill-afford to continue full payments on its obligations to this country, except on the basis of a drastic change in our commercial policy. While the recent reduction of half a cent in the duty on sugar is a step in the right direction, it has been virtually nullified by the quota restriction which permits imports only up to three-fifths of the average volume of the 1927-31 period. On the political front, the semi-fascist ABC has withdrawn from the cabinet, and even Mendieta's own Nationalist Party is reported to be wavering in support of the present regime. If the expected happens, and Mendieta is overthrown by the more radical elements in the island, the State Department will do well to practice what it preaches—complete non-interference in Cuban affairs.

THE RESIGNATION OF GRACE ABBOTT as head of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor terminates thirteen years of peculiarly enlightened service in that capacity. Miss Abbott has been connected with the bureau since 1917, when at President Wilson's request she became director of the Child Labor Division, where she administered the first federal child-labor law, later declared unconstitutional. Before her appointment to head the bureau in 1921, Miss Abbott was adviser on the War Labor Policies Board and secretary of the Children's Commission of the First International Labor Conference. Frances Perkins, long her friend and lately her associate as Secretary of Labor, in a statement calling Miss Abbott "one of the most distinguished women in America," describes in glowing terms the quality of her administration:

> The bureau is increasingly effective largely because Miss Abbott has insisted upon its development in the direction of contacts directly with the people affected by the problems studied. The reports, the advice, the progress emanating from the Children's Bureau under her leadership have raised the standard of life for the children of this Republic immeasurably, and there are thousands of people who will not be able to join in any public expression of gratitude who nevertheless owe enormous benefits in their own lives to the intelligence, character, force, and social-mindedness of this great woman!

With this moving tribute it is impossible not to agree, and to regret at the same time that such a person is leaving the public service. Miss Abbott has been appointed Professor of Public Welfare at the University of Chicago.

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General Johnson: Strikebreaker

GENERAL JOHNSON has discharged the president of the NRA Employees Union, John Donovan, attached to the Labor Advisory Board staff. From all accounts Donovan was an efficient, conscientious worker. He had worked for the board on major codes; he had recently been appointed alternate to William Green on the Industrial Relations Board for the lumber code.

The circumstances of the discharge were simple: Donovan headed a committee which waited on the Administrator to protest the earlier dismissal of Mrs. Nancy Luke, a stencil cutter. The committee gained its point; Mrs. Luke was reinstated. But the chairman of the committee, less fortunate, was sacked. Asked to explain, the General retreated into generalities—"inefficient, insubordinate, and absent from duties without leave." The General then passed the matter on to Dr. Gustav Peck, Donovan's immediate superior, who backed up these charges, without bothering to go into details. A day or two later, the General hinted to Mr. Babcock (head of the American Federation of Government Employees, which is now pressing for Donovan's reinstatement) that Donovan was guilty of the dire, secret sin of being "leftist."

The whole affair is a tragic caricature of the story of Section 7-a. Dismissal of the local union president has been the favorite device for smashing unions ever since the American workers were gulled into the belief that the government stood behind their efforts at labor organization. Invariably, the boss charges the union president with "talking too much," with "slacking on the job," with "dropping the monkey wrench." Invariably, too, the foreman swears that what the boss says is true.

Unfortunately for General Johnson, his record with respect to trade unions is all of a piece. On his own admission he was responsible for the inclusion in the automobile code of the "individual-merit" clause, an open attempt to draw whatever teeth were in it out of Section 7-a. By a last minute tactical coup, he sought to exclude John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, from the code authority of the bituminous coal industry. The election he devised to settle the Budd strike was incredible: The company union sympathizers merely had to abstain from voting in order to express their preferences, so that the trade-union workers, in self-defense, were forced to boycott the referendum.

Consider the General's performance on the occasion of the threatened automobile strike last March. He told the union leaders they were mistaken in going to the National Labor Board for help; they should have applied to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce! There is also good reason to suspect that the settlement of March 25—President Roosevelt's feat of "social engineering"—was contrived by the General, working hand-in-hand with the automobile employers.

Together with Mr. Richberg, General Johnson has taken opportunity to negate and oppose the National Labor Board's theory of industrial democracy. Thus, on February 3, Messrs. Johnson and Richberg collaborated in drafting an interpretation of the President's executive order of February 1. This order spoke of the "representatives who are selected by a vote of at least a majority of the employees voting, and who have been thereby designated to represent all the employees eligible to participate—for the purpose of collective bargaining." By some miracle of transcendental logic, Messrs. Johnson and Richberg construed this to mean that minority groups were entitled to negotiate separate collective agreements. Thus they sought to save the day for the company union.

In his handling of the threatened steel strike a few weeks ago, General Johnson surpassed himself. He went into conference with the leaders of the Iron and Steel Institute. He came out of it with the proposal that the workers submit themselves to a board authorized to supervise the operation of company-union plans. This proposal he put before workers on the verge of open revolt because of the refusal of the employers to deal with their trade union! No wonder, then, that even President Roosevelt saw the light at last. He turned over the labor troubles of the steel industry to Secretary of Labor Perkins.

But there is more to the case than General Johnson's obvious prejudices. The Donovan case is a symptom of the organic disease that has afflicted the Labor Advisory Board for more than a year. Here was a board whose principal function should have been to introduce collective bargaining into the making and enforcement of codes. Its chairman, Dr. Leo Wolman, entered upon his duties with the reputation of being a labor economist sympathetic with trade-union ideals. Inside of a year, the economist of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had won a reputation for being "safe" and "sound" with every anti-union industrialist in America. As for the other members of the Board—Messrs. Green, Hillman, Lewis, and so on—they were A. F. of L. union leaders. Their interest, accordingly, has been in stirring their own pots, in bargaining code concessions for their own unions. With the customary astigmatism of our trade-union leaders, they have shown no concern whatever for the great mass of unorganized workers.

Significantly, John Donovan was a labor adviser on codes for such industries as lumber and paper whose workers are mainly unorganized. From all that can be learned of him, he was anxious to bring the benefits of collective bargaining to these workers, energetic in his efforts to do so, and outspoken in his opinions on the subject. So far, the members of the Labor Advisory Board have shown themselves apathetic to Mr. Donovan's fate, although Mr. Green has stated that he has "no reason to doubt his efficiency." Is this apathy to be explained by the indifference of the board members to any activities which might disturb the snug little bargaining game they have been playing with the NRA?

Thus the Donovan discharge becomes a challenge to the decency and integrity of the Labor Advisory Board. He stands for the cause the board members are supposed to represent: collective bargaining for all wage-earners. If the Labor Advisory Board has any ideals and courage, it will ask for Donovan's reinstatement. If it cannot get that reinstatement, then the board should go to the President and declare: Either General Johnson leaves or we do.

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Revolt Within Germany

THE more we study Vice-Chancellor Von Papen's attack upon Hitler and Hitlerism the more astounded we are. The gravity of the crisis it provokes is attested not only by the suppression of Von Papen's speech in the German press, but by General Goering's address of June 18 to the Prussian State Council. To the council he admitted this: "I hear so often that confidence is fading and discontent is growing and, when one examines the state of affairs, one must recognize the fact that many reasons for dissatisfaction doubtless exist. We must take care that we do not lose contact with the people. . . . It is necessary that the people should feel that we are looking after them."

Von Papen went extraordinarily far in his attack, not only upon personalities and the radical wing of the Hitler regime but upon the theory of Hitlerism itself. He declared that it would be "a mortal sin, both from the human and the statesman's point of view, not to say what must be said at this decisive juncture of the German revolution." He denounced the muzzling of the press, and declared that the "rich treasure of confidence which the German people bestowed upon it [the government] is in danger." He added that the government knew all about the "untruth, ungentlemanliness, and arrogance" which in certain quarters are marking the revolution, and then made his frontal attack. "The statesmen and politicians," he said, "can reform the state, but not life itself . . . not all life can be organized because then it would be mechanized. The state is organization; life is growth." This is obviously complete treason to the whole Nazi doctrine.

This speech marks the beginning of a battle between reactionaries, with the Prussian Junkers and the great industrialists on one side and National Socialism on the other. Both the landed gentry and the industrial overlords are fundamentally opposed to the "self-made" Nazis, with their noisy exhibitionism, their fantastic religious ideas, their unorthodox economics. Even Nazi brutality and repression, except when directed with accurate aim at the parties of the left, have been distasteful to the gentlemen of the extreme right. Both reactionary groups contributed to Hitler's campaign funds and hoped that they had taken the Nazis safely into their own camps. Hitler surrendered to big business every vestige of control over the financial and industrial organization of the nation and over the destinies of the German workers. He similarly surrendered to the Junker landlords. His fine schemes for dividing the great estates, putting people back on the land, and thus creating a new class of small, independent farmers were quickly forgotten. Instead the landowners received substantial subsidies, and President Hindenburg's country estate was restored to him, freed from its scandalous burden of unpaid taxes and debt. But the Nazi technique of repression was more difficult to control and direct. It operated against the just and the unjust alike; which is to say that along with Communists, Socialists, and Jews, both censorship and terror were turned upon Protestants and Catholics and all the elements in the various military organizations who refused to be coordinated.

Discontent has increased and become more vocal as Germany's economic situation has grown worse. It has penetrated even into the ranks of the army and it emanates from both the right and the left. A rumor was recently printed in the New York *Times* to the effect that a stormy conference had lately taken place between Chancellor Hitler and Ernst Roehm, in the course of which Roehm warned his chief that the Storm Troopers were "getting restless about what they considered reactionary policies of the government and that unless those policies were changed he could no longer guarantee the conduct of the Storm Troops." Von Papen's speech constitutes the direct, authoritative expression of the disaffection of the right. Hitler is obviously adopting the role of moderator among his quarrelsome supporters. He refused to accept Von Papen's resignation while urging him at the same time to endure the verdict of the censorship.

Probably the most intelligent Nazi analysis of the present crisis was contained in the speech of General Goering cited above. After discussing the existence of discontent and its causes, Goering flatly asserted that the government must choose between a "second revolution" and the ruthless repression of organized disaffection. The "second revolution" he referred to would be the complete establishment of National Socialism, and it is this course, and all manifestations that point toward it, that Von Papen has attacked so ably and so courageously. The fight is between his conception of government—aristocratic, monarchist, and reactionary—and the rowdy, pseudo-radicalism of Hitler.

The battle will not be a brief one nor gently fought, if it really comes to open conflict. The people may actually be called upon to take sides with one or the other of the two great national heroes, Hitler and Hindenburg, although they have so little to gain in the choice of masters thus presented to them. At any rate it will be a genuine test of Hitler's capacity as a statesman and fighter. It is one thing to be a silver-tongued orator and the world's greatest showman, and another to deal with a far-reaching revolt in your own ranks.

Advertising-as-Usual

CONSUMERS, hearing the bang of the speaker's gavel signaling the adjournment of Congress, may well have felt as the automobile workers felt when they heard the Administration's plan to sell them down the river at Detroit. A year ago Professor Tugwell made a gesture in their direction in the form of a new food-and-drug bill; other Administration gestures were embodied in the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA, the Lynd recommendation of a Consumers' Standards Board, and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Today consumers are warranted in asking whether at any time these gestures were seriously intended, for when faced by the furious opposition of press, radio, advertising, and patent-medicine and other manufacturing interests the Administration backed down again and again on every crucial issue.

The Tugwell bill, first whittled and then emasculated with the connivance of Senator-doctor-ad-man Copeland, was finally pigeonholed, and received only a four-line post-mortem in the newspaper obituaries of the Congress. The members of the Consumers' Advisory Board alternately fought General Johnson, practiced submissive "statecraft," presented belligerent reports, resigned, threatened to resign,

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didn't resign. The members of Frederic C. Howe's Consumers' Counsel fought harder if anything, but found themselves progressively robbed of jurisdiction over the more important codes.

As if to celebrate the victory of advertising-as-usual the Advertising Federation of America opened its annual convention in New York the day Congress adjourned. President Kobak, who a few months ago was enlisting the American Legion to fight any form of constructive consumer legislation, read a letter from Mr. Roosevelt praising the conspicuous service of advertising in "presenting sound interpretations of the purposes and objectives of the recovery program." Secretary Wallace, who was present in person, declared that he had no quarrel with advertising as such—it had done a splendid job—and congratulated the ad men on their "exceedingly broad-gauged attitude." "You believed strenuously in truth," said this plenipotentiary of the New Deal, "and your slogan was 'Truth in Advertising.' You believed in that from the very bottom of your heart. . . ."

There followed other heart throbs: a fantastic "trial" of advertising in which a battery of advertising men, sales managers, and so on defended themselves, with a little fake cross-examination, over a national network; a speech by C. M. Chester, president of General Foods Corporation, in which he declared menacingly that "the heads of communism, fascism, and other isms have invaded even our official government circles"; a sales talk by Dr. Henry C. Link, secretary of the Psychological Corporation, in which he described the scientific fervor which professional psychologists were consecrating to the cause of advertising "research." Commenting editorially on the convention, *Printers' Ink* declared that "the correction of advertising's ills must come from within advertising itself," and suggested that perhaps advertising, like baseball and the movies, needs a "czar" or two—one for the publishers and one for the broadcasters.

Out of this deluge of business and political buncombe the consumer can perhaps extract a small drop of negative comfort. The advertising men have learned nothing and forgotten nothing; they are furiously against telling the truth, not merely to consumers, but to each other; they can be trusted to increase by every means in their power the growing public disgust with advertising and with the supine surrender of both the press and the government to the dictation of business.

Will the Tugwell-Copeland bill be resuscitated next fall? One rather hopes not; an altogether fresh start is needed, with Senator Copeland out of the picture. But certainly the consumer movement will grow in strength and clarity. At the convention of the Association of American Advertising Agencies in May, Alice L. Edwards of the American Home Economics Association presented convincing evidence of a consumer ground swell coming up through the women's clubs. Consumers' Research continues to gain subscribers. Cooperative Distributors, which was started on a shoestring a year ago, is now well-established with a turnover which increases geometrically from month to month. Organization of the consumer interest with respect to both policy and program is of course badly needed. One can only hope that the Throttlebottoms are convinced by this time that the Administration won't or can't help except as they organize and bring to bear effective pressure at Washington.

Adolf's Court Jester

WE were not among those who thought that Dr. Ernst Hanfstängl should be excluded from the United States for "subversive activities," "moral turpitude," or anything else. It seemed to us then that the revival of these categories was more dangerous to decent government than anything the doctor was likely to do at Harvard, and we have seen no reason for changing our opinion since his arrival. If one may believe the accounts published in the newspapers, Hanfstängl has been pretty silly—sillier even than the average "old grad" at a class reunion is expected to be—but he has not been anything worse. On the whole, therefore, we are glad he came, because it is always good to know that—as the Elizabethans used to say—the Devil is an Ass.

Before his arrival there was a growing tendency to represent Hanfstängl as a "glamorous" figure. He was a very close associate of one of the men of the hour and no one knew just how great his influence was. Since he played the piano it was assumed that he must be some sort of universal genius—perhaps, indeed, the ideal Nazi, combining a taste for blood and iron with a virile understanding of the purest of the arts. If Putzy had only maintained a dignified silence, the legend might well have grown, but from the moment of his arrival it became all too plain that he was a natural clown who could not possibly resist the temptation to make a fool of himself.

Whether maliciously or not, the reporters who follow him about have not rested content with frequent references to his great wit; they have also insisted upon giving examples of it, and the examples have been without exception so very sad that not even a prince of the blood could reasonably hope to raise a laugh with the best of them. Wearing a sweet pea in his buttonhole, he remarked uproariously that, strange as it might seem, the gardener who had cared for the flower was named "Frost," and when he was shown a column against him by Heywood Broun he achieved this magnificent comeback: "Broun would ask me about the book burnings, hey? Well, tell him that his book has not been burned and that he should stop being such an old sour belly." He observed that the "sweet children" of his classmates met him with a "look of admiration and—what shall I say—stupefaction."

Such a man can hardly do much to promote the cause of a romantic religion of violence. You cannot successfully uphold the holy ideal of racial purity or successfully justify the righteous murder of Jews by being a regular fellow with a sentimental attachment for dear old Harvard; neither can you pass off atrocities as merely the result of a boyish prank. Moreover, Hanfstängl is obviously deflating his own legend in a highly satisfactory way. Some thought he was the Richelieu of the Nazi movement, Hitler's trusted friend and adviser. It is obvious now that he cannot be more than Adolf's court jester, and if what he has given here is a fair sample of his quality, a very sorry one. Had the protesters had their way and shut him out, he would be by now a sinister figure with a real hold on the popular imagination. By letting him in, democracy has come off very well indeed. Our own clowns—Jimmy Walker, for example—are better, and Jimmy never had more than a local job.

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Issues and Men

The Shamelessness of Newton D. Baker

WHEN the World War broke out I organized almost at once a "League to Limit Armaments." It started with a bang. About the first acceptance I got was from Newton D. Baker. The membership was distinguished, for the horror felt at the first terrible news had not yet been displaced by angry and bitter and deluded partisanship for one side or the other. People then placed the blame upon the huge armaments of all the European nations.

That scene in a private dining-room of the Railroad Club in New York came back to me the other day when I read in the newspapers that almost my first member of the short-lived league had appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee to demand the immediate increase of the United States Army by 2,063 officers and no less than 47,000 men. But he wasn't satisfied with that. He told the committee that "he could not imagine an army less than five times the present size of ours having the slightest effect on the military policy of any other nation. It is a waste of public money to have an army that is anything less than adequate." He then went on to admit that at the end of the war to end war he had urged Congress to establish at once an army of 500,000 men as the necessary force, but that Congress had been "wiser and luckier than I" in not granting his request of that time. That did not prevent him, however, from assuring Congress on May 28, 1934, that 14,063 officers and 179,063 men were the exact number of men we need in our army now to preserve our country intact. Not 170,000 nor 180,000 but exactly 179,063. All your militarists know exactly how many ships and men will save us.

Then this great statesman and ex-member of the League to Limit Armaments reminisced. He who had made such eloquent speeches as he drafted young Americans to their death in 1917, with the solemn promise to them and their parents that if they would only go out and die this war would end war and make the world safe for democracy, now recalled that at the end of the war "it was reasonable to suppose that another would break out. We had the Thirty Years' War as an example. The most able historians thought that the Armistice marked the end of an episode, and that a fresh grouping of nations would again attempt war." So there you have it. Just when Woodrow Wilson was congratulating the country that we had ended war and were about to make over the world, when we were burying the Unknown Soldier with such pomp and ceremony because he had laid down his life to do away with armaments, Newton Baker, in consultation with "the most able historians," was convinced that all that he and the chief he still reveres had said to the American people about the purposes of the war was just so much bunk and hokum.

But the recent works of Newton Baker do not end with his testimony before the House committee. Two weeks later he delivered the commencement address at West Point, just before handing the commissions to the largest class that ever graduated. Did he devote that speech to a demand for the reform of one of the costliest, worst-run, and most inefficient educational institutions in the world? He did not. He went back to the past again. He said:

> Democracy is the most perfect form of government ever devised by men, and the most difficult. We can have it only as long as we are worthy of it. One country after another in Europe has bundled up all the authority of government and taken it away from the people and handed it to some despotic form of dictatorship or dictatorial oligarchy. It is not because they undervalue democracy but because democracy is possible only to highly educated people.

So here we have the final and lasting truth. Here we have the exact reason why the Germans, admittedly the most highly educated people in the world, have abandoned democracy. Here we have the exact reason why the Americans, with their shamefully high percentage of illiteracy, have made as much of a success of democracy as they have. When Newton Baker talked drivel of this kind, perhaps he thought that he must talk down to the intellectual level of West Point. If not, he has certainly undergone a sea change in his mental processes. I am aware that many people will ask: "Can't you let a man honestly and sincerely change his mind on a matter as grave as that of armaments?" But the trouble is that Newton Baker has changed his mind all along the line. From having been an ardent disciple of Tom Johnson in his efforts to free the people from corporation domination, he has become the lawyer and chief counselor of the Van Sweringens, one of whom is under indictment for some of his activities in connection with the brothers' financial overlordship of Cleveland. The man who was a reform mayor of Cleveland, ready to starve for his ideals, is now one of the leaders of the party machine and a rich man, as the result of having thrown overboard those youthful ideals.

But nothing seems to be so shameful as his admission that the slogans which he and Woodrow Wilson used to put us into the war were pure bunk intended to deceive. He does not even pretend that they were honestly mistaken or misled. He admits that he knew it wasn't going to be a war to end war when he was giving his allegiance to that doctrine. I heard him make his eloquent speech at the Madison Square Garden convention in which he told how it had wrung his heart to the depths to tear American boys away from their parents and send them to their deaths. He did it so well that men all around me wept. Why did he not tell us then that the war slogans were bunk? If he lives long enough and fascism comes to America, I will bet one hundred to one that he will come out for it and assure us that while democracy "is the most perfect government ever devised by men," we can have it no longer because, in his judgment, we are not worthy of it.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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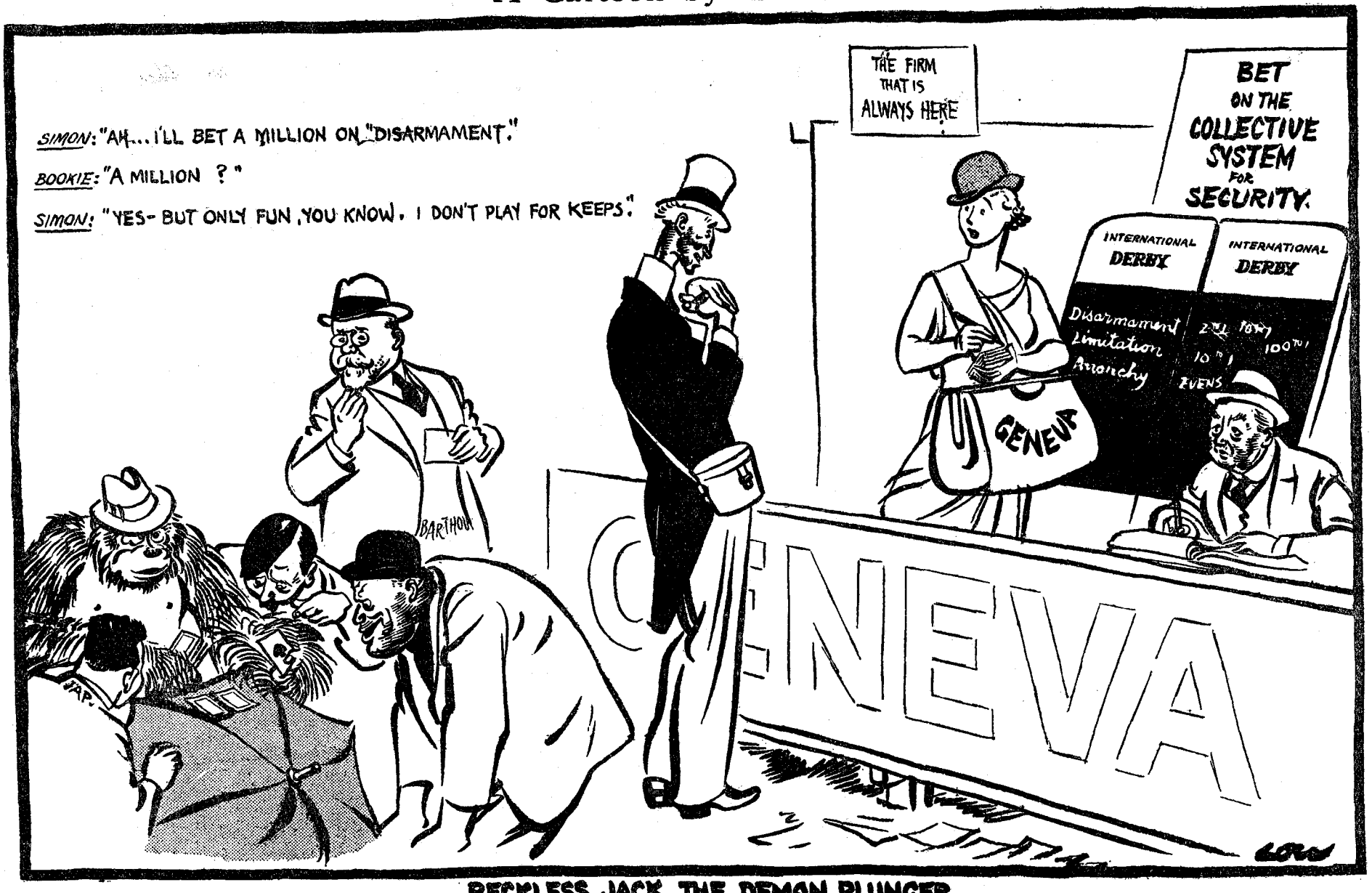

RECKLESS JACK, THE DEMON PLUNGER.

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The Steel Strike Collapses

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Pittsburgh, June 20

FOR two weeks or longer, large sections of the American people of all classes stood on their toes, tense with hope or apprehension or both, watching—through the poorly focused telescope of the daily press reports—the onrush of developments in the threatened strike of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, with its 230 lodges or unions in the various steel-producing centers of the United States. For days, toward the middle of June, it looked—through the aforesaid telescope—as though a strike in the country's basic industry was inevitable at midnight June 15, or soon thereafter; and numerous persons everywhere believed that it probably would be one of the bitterest, bloodiest, most consequential class-war battles ever fought in America.

The special "strike" convention of the A. A., called for Thursday, June 14, was considered so important that on Wednesday, the thirteenth, some of the country's foremost newspapermen rushed into Pittsburgh to cover the situation, and simultaneously there arrived also a flock of excited mediators, conciliators, observers, spies, and other such factotums sent out by federal offices in Washington and by the governments of the various steel States, notably Pennsylvania. Many of these persons believed that a strike was almost certain within two days, and, once called, was likely to become the spark for a bloody social revolution. With Toledo still fresh in their minds, they expected labor, employed and jobless, all over the United States to rise against capitalism, unemployment, company unionism, the New Deal, and what not.

Yet less than twenty-four hours later the strike idea completely fizzled out, and Mr. Green, it immediately appeared, was not the only, nor even the chief, factor in this fizzling out; while less than a week subsequently, as I write this, it is obvious that the idea of a nation-wide steel strike in mid-June had been doomed to a tragic end from its inception, six weeks before.

And thereby, it seems to me, hangs an immensely interesting and significant tale, worth telling, I think, in some detail because it so clearly mirrors the whole contemporary labor situation in this country, and also because it is likely soon to have a sequel which will be difficult to understand without a knowledge of what really happened in the steel-labor situation during the past few months.

To begin at the beginning, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers is one of the oldest bodies affiliated with the A. F. of L. It came into existence fifty-seven years ago, when a group of highly skilled metal workers seceded from the old Sons of Vulcan. Until very recently it never was anything more than a collection of fraternal benefit lodges of the "aristocracy of labor" in the steel, iron, and tin (mostly tin) industries, and a convenient stepping-stone for its so-called executive officers who had ambitions (and most of them had) for political and economic self-advancement. One president of the A. A. left his office to become secretary of the American Tin Plate Company, then United States Consul at Birmingham, England, and finally a business man in Pittsburgh; another became inspector of immigration in New York; a third, a Republican Congressman; a fourth, a Republican city councilman in Pittsburgh; a fifth, secretary of the steel manufacturers' association on the Pacific Coast.

During the last forty years no one could possibly have accused the outfit of being a labor movement. Its central office was nearly always on good terms with the managers of most of the mills. It never made any effort to organize the industry. Several of the local lodges, composed exclusively or mainly of highly skilled wrought-iron and sheet-metal men, have been recognized by otherwise anti-union bosses and have wage-and-hour contracts with them. The organization played a semi-strike-breaking role in the great steel strike of 1919.

Its present president is a fattish, drooling, loose-lipped, watery-eyed old codger in his late seventies, M. J. Tighe, familiarly known as "Old Mike" or "Grandmother" Tighe. He has been with the organization from its birth. A typical old-time trade-union bureaucrat, he is profoundly ignorant of the forces now operating in the world or in the country; he is narrow, fussy, old-womanish, but, as he lately demonstrated, deeply experienced in the official trickeries and "practical trade-union politics" long since perfected by leaders in A. F. of L. affiliates. In his official duties Tighe is ably assisted by the secretary-treasurer, Louis (Shorty) Leonard, a round, compact little fellow, somewhat younger than the president but also an old-timer in the outfit, with a loud Fourth of July voice and an inexhaustible supply of labor blah-blah; to me fully as objectionable, both as a person and as a labor-union official, as Tighe. Ed Miller and Tom Gillis, the two vice-presidents, are essentially of the same type. All these men draw a salary ("and expenses") they could not conceivably hope to receive in any other racket except by some fluke, and they naturally think a great deal of their positions and want to keep them.

For fourteen years the A. A. was on the toboggan. By the middle of 1933 its membership had fallen to 4,700, of whom fewer than 3,000 were paying their dues. Then the New Deal came, with its Section 7-a in the NIRA, which gave the nearly 500,000 steel, iron, and tin workers in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Michigan, Maryland, Alabama, Kentucky, California, and elsewhere a sudden and powerful impulse to unionization. Tens of thousands of workers, full of old Hoover-era jitters and new Roosevelt-inspired hope, were asking, "Which union can I join?" Communist organizers were in the field with their Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union. A good many men joined that organization. At the same time the Iron and Steel Institute, under the direction of Arthur Young (now getting $40,000 a year for his work), started its big push for company unions. Sincere, if none too intelligent, would-be leaders of non-Communist but radical independent unionization movements appeared among the steel people. And there were lively stirrings in several lodges

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of the A. A. The leaders of these locals appealed for advice and help to the central office of the A. A. in Pittsburgh. They wrote letters and went to the office in person. They telephoned "Old Mike" and wired "Shorty" Leonard. But the "executive officers" did nothing for three months, until some of the lodge presidents threatened to start organizing what possibly might turn out to be a new union movement in the steel industry.

Then, in September, 1933, largely to stop the growing Communist and other independent-radical movements, "Grandmother" and "Shorty" decided—possibly, as the Communists maintain, on the urging of Iron and Steel Institute agents—to send out three dozen "organizers," most of whom were unemployed old-time trade unionists, friends of the central office, with no experience as organizers. These men received considerable salaries (and expenses), although in most cases their sole qualification was that they wrote a legible hand; but that was enough, for all that was necessary was to fill out union cards for the thousands of men who eagerly stood in line to be signed up.

The only aggressive organizer for the A. A. was Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, the Governor's wife, who had no connection with the union. She is a rich woman with red hair and an overabundance of nervous energy who gets more thrill out of labor agitation and strike picketing than out of bridge and society and has, besides strong political ambitions for her husband and herself, a few vague notions that something is wrong with our social system. She attracted vast crowds of steel workers and their wives and spoke at scores of meetings in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, urging the men to sign up and get behind the NIRA and the President. But the A. A. "executives," apparently, were anything but enthusiastic about the help the lady was trying to give the organization. They sent no one to her mass-meetings to sign up the men. The old fogies in the central office were beside themselves with fear of what was happening to their hitherto nice, quiet old outfit, and soon after starting the organizing "campaign" they began to do everything in their power to restrict its success.

But, despite all this, in less than two months the A. A. had more than 125 new lodges, many of them called by such names as the Blue Eagle Lodge, Recovery Lodge, and Nira (or Arin) Lodge, and its membership was increased from 4,700 to anywhere from 60,000 to 100,000. Nobody knows yet what the new total is. The central office so far has made no real effort to find out. The officials in that office know that, whatever it is, the number is too high for the good of the organization as they want it to continue.

In short, the old, dying A. A. suddenly bulged out into a vast organization, a great, virile new body full of raw, undisciplined, undirected strength and spirit, with but a few sick old cells here and there, and, alas, with the same old head, the same senile "executive" officers, utterly lacking in real brains, in knowledge of what is going on in the country, in honesty and social vision. Suddenly the big, healthy body and the small, hollow head were at violent cross-purposes. But for some time the body didn't realize that. It merely felt very strong and very uncomfortable, and anxious to be doing something.

Toward the end of 1933 the situation began to clarify itself a bit. Several men of the new element and a few older but more or less progressive fellows who had helped to bring in the new ones began to feel that there were two factions in the organizations, sharply opposed one to the other. They started to refer to themselves as the Young Boys, and to the old-timers in power and the old craft lodges, which supported the central office, as the Old Boys. The Young Boys were, for the most part, the presidents of the newly formed industrial lodges and the newly elected district chairmen, who—to the great annoyance of the central office—gradually began to act as spokesmen for the new element in its differences with the Old Boys—differences which rapidly increased both in frequency and bitterness. Unlike the leaders of the Old Boys, they were actual steel workers employed in mills, unless lately discharged for rank-and-file union activities; none of them received any salary from their lodge treasuries, and some of them covered even their expenses on union business out of their own pockets; some of them were still in their early and middle twenties, small-town boys, "little men," with scant education and less natural ability or experience as labor-union leaders and politicians.

For months these new leaders and would-be leaders talked among themselves, and plotted against the Old Boys and against one another, for there was a good deal of suspicion and jealousy among them. They hardly knew one another, and several wanted to be the big leader. But as time passed they became united on one point—action. The entire rank-and-file element, growing conscious of its overwhelming numerical strength in the A. A., wanted action. Thousands of workers on signing up with the A. A. lodges paid no initiation fees or dues, promising to pay when the union started to do something for them. Having been fooled before, they did not trust the A. A. or the rank-and-file leaders.

The matter of union recognition was on everybody's mind. Lodge presidents asked the A. A.'s central office what they could do. "Old Mike" and "Shorty" stalled; they didn't know. So some of the lodge leaders took the matter into their own hands. They visited the Pittsburgh NRA office. No result. They wrote letters to Washington. No answer, or they received printed material on what a wonderful thing the NRA was for labor. A few went to Washington and called on the A. F. of L. and National Labor Board, not once, but four and five times. They talked with Senator Wagner and other New Dealers and demanded elections in the mills. The National Labor Board stalled, promised them action, but for a month, two months, nothing happened. The gentlemen in the A. F. of L. urged patience. The boys tried to see the Secretary of Labor, "Ma" Perkins, as they called her, who some months before had been in the steel region and had seemed interested in the steel people, but most of them got only as far as her assistant, Mr. McGrady. No result anywhere, no satisfaction. Washington was full of fuss and fury which had no relation to the steel workers of America. Bill Spang of Duquesne, one of the lodge leaders who journeyed several times to Washington, finally came to the conclusion that Roosevelt, evidently, had not meant what he signed in the NIRA and in all probability was afraid of the iron-and-steel gang. Bill made a report to that effect to his lodge and the leaders of other rank-and-file lodges. NRA, he said, meant "National Run Around" for the workers, and Washington was "a labor college where a working stiff like me can get an education like he can get nowhere else."

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The rank-and-file boys, like workers in many other industries throughout the land, rapidly developed a strike mood. In this mood, in mid-April, the rank-and-file delegates, still lacking a real leader, assembled with the Old Boys in the annual convention of the A. A. in the Elks' Hall in Pittsburgh. They had a clear two-thirds' majority over the Old Boys, and Tighe and Leonard were at their wits' end. The Young Boys shouted, "Action! Action!" The Old Boys, trying to wear them down, stretched the convention by various parliamentary tricks, with which the new men had no acquaintance, to more than two weeks. To no avail. "Action!" There is a bar in the Elks' Hall and there was some drinking, which made the Young Boys even stronger for action. The end of it all was that they passed a resolution with the so-called seven-point program, which included the call for a national steel strike in the middle of June if the bosses refused to grant the union's demand for recognition and collective bargaining before then. No strike plan was outlined for the eventuality that the bosses did not recognize the union. The Young Boys invented no way to make the Old Boys in the central office prepare the organization for the big walk-out. They merely appointed a committee of ten to get busy about the matter as soon as possible.

Tired from the long sessions both in the hall and at the bar, the committee did not meet till May 20. After much squabbling among themselves, on the twenty-second, they formed a "strike committee of five" and demanded of the executive officers that one of the committee be allowed to take a desk in the central office and work on strike preparations. Tighe, Leonard, and their colleagues, having, in the face of the Young Boys' now patent ineptitude, regained their composure, said, "Nothing doing!" Then the whole committee of ten, duly appointed in the convention, asked the executive officers for a conference on the morning of May 26. When on that day the committee arrived at the A. A.'s central office, only the janitor was there to receive them. This made the Young Boys "pretty sore" and they began to call the old-timers Yellow Dogs, while the latter, in turn, began to refer to the rank and filers as Greenhorn Goats.

On the suggestion of a journalist friend of theirs, a group of Greenhorn Goats then journeyed to Washington to ask for an interview with the President. They meant to tell him that they were about to call a strike to help him fetch the steel trust to book, and ask him to accept their aid—the aid of the workers in the steel industry—and meet the issue squarely. "We will shut down the mills," they wished to say to Mr. Roosevelt, "until the steel magnates sign before you their acceptance of the law and actually begin collective bargaining with our unions." They did not expect to get any results. The real idea was to get publicity for the strike. But though they did not get to the President, they were received by everyone else of any importance in the NRA, scared a lot of people, caused much discomfort in the White House and the A. F. of L. building, engaged in a hot exchange of insults with General Johnson, and before departure signed a sizzling open letter to the President which landed them on the front pages of all important papers in the country. They said, in effect, that they were going back home to call the strike. In all this they were coached by friendly journalists.

The Iron and Steel Institute announced it never would recognize the A. A. or any other outside union, and proposed a plan similar to that in effect in the automobile industry, which the boys scorned. Meanwhile, William Green called Tighe to Washington, and the Old Boy, by now quite sure of his ground again, smiled as broadly as his old face permitted, talked with General Johnson and other big people there, and let the Greenhorn Goats do what they liked. Then—very probably with the full approval of the A. F. of L. panjandrums, who were in touch with the National Labor Board, Miss Perkins, and the White House—he announced that he would reconvene the delegates of the last annual convention and let them decide what the organization would do in the matter of the threatened strike.

And on June 14, when the A. A. convention met again two floors above the luminous Elks' barroom in Pittsburgh, large sections of the American people raised themselves as high on their toes as possible, and glued their eyes closer to the poorly focused telescope of daily press reports. They expected hell to break loose within a couple of days. They didn't know (neither did I) that the whole thing was practically cut and dried, and that, save for an unlikely slip-up, the boys would not call the strike.

When the delegates reconvened, most of the Greenhorn Goats were for calling the walkout, if for no other reason than that they could see no other way out. But many of them, when on the way to the convention, had already begun to develop serious misgivings about such an action. Some of the mills were armed. Because of this the men's wives had begged them not to call the strike. And with times so hard, how many workers would really walk out at their call? It probably was true, as it was generally said, that the bosses would welcome a strike at this time; it would give them an opportunity to beat down the workers' militancy during a slack in production. All these and similar considerations were heavy on the Young Boys' minds. On the other hand, they figured, if they didn't strike, they'd get nothing.

At the opening of the convention the most aggressive of the strike-minded Greenhorns had in their hands copies of two resolutions—one calling the strike and setting up the strike machinery, the other calling upon the A. F. of L. for financial and moral support. But the Yellow Dogs running the convention from the platform gave them no chance to present them. Parliamentary trickery was utilized to the utmost. They killed time on the rules of procedure. Who was to be admitted besides the delegates? Resolutions. Amendments. Amendments to amendments. Which confused the inexperienced boys, made them feel like "a bunch of damn fools." Then serious difficulties with roll call. More resolutions. Amendments. Amendments to amendments.

Finally, at 11:30, they adjourned till 3:30 to "fix up the roll call," but actually, of course, to stretch the convention, to give William Green time to see President Roosevelt between one and two and to come to Pittsburgh. At 3:30 a squabble over credentials. Pointless, time-wasting resolutions. Delegations were asked to report whether or not the bosses had recognized their respective unions. A Slovak priest, one of the few "guests" in the hall, made a long speech urging the boys, with several of whom he had some influence, to postpone the strike. Then it was announced that word had been received from Washington that William Green, the great leader of organized labor in America, blah, blah . . . was coming to Pittsburgh to address the convention to-

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morrow, and meantime his brotherly appeal to the boys was to keep their shirts on. Convention adjourned.

Confused, their spirit down, uncertain what would be the best or most sensible thing to do, some of the Young Boys proceeded to get drunk, much to the glee of "Grandmother" Tighe, a teetotaler who generally frowns upon hard liquor. I do not mean to say that any considerable number of the delegates got drunk, but several of those who did were leaders, and the fact that they incapacitated themselves for leadership the next day tended further to demoralize those who stayed sober. Only a few newspapermen knew of this, and they were kind enough not to tell about it. I mention it because it is so important. It is a lesson to rank-and-file labor leaders in steel as in other industries.

By the time Mr. Green arrived, the strike idea was practically dead. Then he dug the grave for it; the boys themselves, half-consciously, half-unconsciously, buried it. From the Old Boys' and Bill Green's viewpoint it all worked to perfection, just as they had hoped it would when plotting the whole show, perhaps as long as a week before. Bill Green stepped before the boys as a "fellow-worker," a "miner," and begged them to be calm and not allow their judgment to give way to their feelings. But many had no judgment or feelings, except bewilderment, in the matter. Several of them had katzenjammers; a few were in their cups during Mr. Green's speech and throughout the rest of the day. He proposed a peace plan which he was sure President Roosevelt would accept and support. As a matter of fact, it was essentially the President's own plan, which, as Mr. Green spoke, was on the way to Congress to be made (as it was made) law. When Mr. Green finished, Shorty Leonard and the other Yellow Dogs leaped to their feet and led the applause. The convention promptly accepted Mr. Green's proposition and "postponed" the strike call till the end of June. Telegrams were sent to the lodges telling the workers, tens of thousands of whom were ready to strike at midnight, to stay put.

The farce was carried still farther. The final important question was: Who will present President Green's plan to President Roosevelt? There was a little squabbling over that. Then someone rose and said, "Boys, let's show we have confidence in our executive officers, who all these years, blah, blah. . . . Let's authorize them to take our proposition to Washington." This was quickly seconded, and Old Mike put up the motion for a vote so quickly that the majority, when they lifted their hands, had no idea what they were voting for. The hands were not counted. Passed! Shorty Leonard whispered a joyous remark to Old Mike, who grinned cynically, and a few hours later one of the other Old Boys remarked, "Now we got 'em where we want 'em. Now we'll teach 'em discipline."

Immediately after the conclusion of the convention I spoke to one of the more intelligent of the young militants. He said, "I feel like Carnera must of felt last night." Others, even among the sober ones, told me they didn't know exactly what had happened. "Things were done so fast." I overheard a conversation of two Young Boys. One said, "The strike is only postponed, ain't it?" "Yeah, I guess." "Have we, I mean the Young Boys, any authority left to call the strike in case we don't get what Green said we want?" "Damn' if I know. Don't think we have." "Well, I guess we sold ourselves out." A third young fellow, a little drunk, who stood by listening, said, "Nuts!" and walked off.

Bewilderment, bewilderment. I had a feeling, in that dismal hall, that I was witnessing the whole essential tragedy of American labor. On the platform, surrounded by reporters, Old Mike drooled away: "We're not Communists . . . no, not Communists. We're trade unionists. I'm a highest type of trade unionist. . . . Strike? Haw-haw! There ain't gonna be no strike. All over! We ain't a strike organization. . . . I'm tired, boys, nothin' else to say, nothin' to say, boys. Haven't had a bite all day, now it's midnight. Good-night, boys."

The sense of tragedy deepened in me during the ensuing few days as I motored through the steel towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, and talked with "leaders" and ordinary members of A. A. lodges. Bewilderment. None knew what had really happened in Pittsburgh or what would happen in Washington.

One thing is sure, as sure as anything nowadays: there will be no national steel strike this summer. There may be one or two "wildcat" strikes, à la Toledo, but even that is a remote possibility. Whether or not there will ever be a steel strike or a respect-commanding steel-labor organization depends on many things, but mostly, perhaps, on the ability of the rank-and-file leaders to realize what happened to them at the convention, what happened immediately after the convention, and what may, will, or should happen this summer and next fall; and on their ability, too, to regain their lost morale by honestly admitting their shortcomings so far, and trying to improve themselves for future work and to communicate that morale to their membership. They should try to realize as soon as possible the following things:

1. That no matter whom the President may appoint to the board to determine who shall represent steel labor in collective bargaining, the dice will be loaded against any real workers' union; and that should a real union win the election in a given mill, the bosses will not recognize it but will turn the matter over to the courts, where it will be hung up for months and possibly for years.

2. That William Green and the whole A. F. of L. oligarchy, in their actual function, are closer to the interests of the Roosevelt Administration and, *ipso facto,* of the employers than to the interests of labor; and that the plan Mr. Green brought with him to Pittsburgh was not his plan but the President's and General Johnson's.

3. That even if Mr. Green and the A. F. of L. send thirty organizers and a $200,000 organizing fund to the steel region, as Mr. Green promised they would, steel will never really be organized; that fully to organize steel, if they could, would be against their interests, their nature; that if the A. F. of L. makes any attempt to organize steel, it will be largely frustrated in jurisdictional disputes. (Important jurisdictional disputes are already pending in the A. A., which has all but stopped organizing unorganized workers. And why hasn't the A. F. of L. tried to organize steel long before this?)

4. That the future of American labor lies only in clear struggle, not in playing along with social workers like President Roosevelt and Secretary Perkins, who appear to consider the United States one vast settlement house in which everything should be nice and peaceful; that in that struggle, as things stand today, there is no time to lose.

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In September of this year the A. A. has general elections. Here will be the rank and filers' first big opportunity. Will they be able to oust the Old Boys? Will they, meantime, continue organizing their local lodges, apart from any A. F. of L. "organizing," and thus prepare themselves, at least in part, for a national strike in October, when production will be at its height? Will they, in the event of such a strike, be able to join hands with other labor movements in the industry, including the Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union? And will they, eventually, be able to overhaul the A. A. and make it a straight industrial union, and develop social vision, which any American labor movement, to be worth anything, must, of necessity, have in the future?

[*A second article by Louis Adamic, The A. F. of L. and Company Unions, will appear in an early issue.*]

The Balkans Swing to Fascism

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, June 1

THINGS would be much easier for democrats and liberals in this part of the world if all fascism were equally black. An apologist for the new military regime in Bulgaria might make out a pretty good case for the Georgieff government, in that (a) among its members are some genuine idealists, survivors of the old "Sveno" group, (b) it replaces a parliamentarism shockingly sterile and corrupt, (c) above all, it enters office pledged to wipe out the terrorist Macedonians of Ivan Mihailoff, whose bloody career on the Bulgar-Jugoslav border has been a disgrace to Europe the past ten years. Again, it calls itself a "middle" fascism, with one Agrarian (extreme left) in the Cabinet, and by assuming office it probably forestalled a coup d'etat by Professor Tzankoff, an extreme fascist and Prime Minister during the 1923 white terror.

Be this as it may, the Georgieff government deserves no support from liberals. One should not succumb to the temptation to describe it gently. The terrible lesson of the Dollfuss dictatorship in Austria, which began as a "middle" government, should not be forgotten; no "middle" fascism can withstand the internal forces which constantly press it farther and farther right; a "middle" fascism is a contradiction in terms; it begs support from democracy, then crushes it, just as a "right" fascism does. The Georgieff government has humiliated the king, split the army, and aroused dangerous false hopes in the people. The Agrarian Cabinet Minister, Zacharieff, is a demagogue and turncoat. And it is extremely unlikely that, no matter what its intentions may be, the government can do anything to Mihailoff except temporarily annoy him.

The Macedonian problem is one of those insoluble tragedies that make permanent mincemeat of the Balkans. "Macedonia" was split by the Balkan wars and the 1919 peace treaties between Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Greece. Ever since, a secret terrorist organization, the I. M. R. O., has kept the triple frontier bleeding, hoping thus to agitate the return of Jugoslav Macedonia to Bulgaria. Mihailoff set up a secret government which collects taxes, enforces "order," maintains its own "law" courts. He has never been arrested for the simple reason that no Bulgarian patriot wants him arrested. Every Bulgar is a Macedonian under the skin.

The Macedonian problem is Bulgaria's only trump card vis-a-vis Jugoslavia; only by the promise to call off Macedonian terrorism has Bulgaria any quid pro quo to offer the Jugoslavs. The Georgieff government, it is true, has strong personal hatred of Mihailoff, because several of its moving spirits are Protgueroffists, members of the rival Macedonian faction. Even so, vigorous action against the Mihailoffists is almost out of the question.

Jugoslavia greeted the first news of the Bulgarian putsch jubilantly. It was known in inside circles that King Alexander had persuaded King Boris to try his hand at a palace coup, so that the two kings could work together for a Bulgar-Jugoslav rapprochement; when later information reached Belgrade that the events of May 19 were not engineered by King Boris but were inflicted on him by the army, Jugoslav enthusiasm cooled considerably. Jugoslavia badly wants better relations with Bulgaria. It has a high opinion of the Bulgarian army, and in case of war with Italy, Bulgarian neutrality, if not Bulgarian aid, would be essential to Jugoslav strategy. The Bulgar-Jugoslav frontier is 700 kilometers long and difficult to defend. Fighting Italy or Hungary, the Jugoslavs don't want the Bulgars to come in by this back door. Jugoslavs and Bulgars are, moreover, first cousins, and Jugoslavia has always dreamed of a great united South Slav state, stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and the Aegean. Finally, Jugoslavia has certain ambitions in regard to Greek Salonika, and Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, if allies, would normally tend to work together against Greece.

The Bulgars want rapprochement, too. Bulgaria's present isolation is complete. She is hemmed in by states which gained territory at her expense and which are not always inclined to be too friendly. The recent Graeco-Turk pact, which was directed against Bulgaria, served to make friendship with Jugoslavia doubly attractive. Most important of all, Bulgaria thinks that a rapprochement with Jugoslavia would improve the miserable state of the suppressed Bulgarian minorities in Macedonia.

Prospects of rapprochement were blasted, however, by the Balkan Pact, signed in January between Jugoslavia, Turkey, Rumania, and Greece, the four states by which Bulgaria is encircled. The Jugoslavs did not have much enthusiasm for this pact. Rather, they wanted it, and wanted direct bilateral rapprochement with Bulgaria, too—but you can't marry two pretty girls at the same time. Now, luckily, the pact is a dead letter, because Greece (after dragooning the others into it) refused to ratify except with reservations destroying its validity. Now the way is open for Bulgar-Jugoslav rapprochement once more. The chief obstacle is Macedonia, and always will be, so long as the Mihailoff gangsters are alive.

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The Bulgarian coup d'etat brings, indirectly at least, the question of Nazism in the Balkans to the fore. In every Central European and Balkan country imitation Hitlerites are blooming. In Hungary the arrow-cross, symbol of the blue shirts of Deputy Soltan Mesko, has, so Mesko claims, 400,000 adherents. People in Budapest say that Mesko is crazy; but so did people in Munich say that Hitler was crazy, ten years ago. In Jugoslavia the Jugoslavenska Aktia has about 80,000 members who wear the "Kossova cross." In Rumania there are at least three distinct fascist organizations, one of which, the Iron Guard, is coming to be the dominant political force in the country; it is overtly Hitlerite, with its members wearing a modified swastika and green shirts; its terrorist leader, Codreanu, is a violent anti-Semite fanatic. In Czecho-Slovakia there are, of course, some 3,500,000 Germans, half of whom have probably felt the swastika itch. In Bulgaria there is the Svogor of Professor Tzankoff, with at least 50,000 organized men. Albania, Greece, even Turkey, have their overt or secret Nazi groups. Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, moreover, contain upwards of 500,000 minority Germans apiece—Nazis by original sin, so to speak.

Czecho-Slovakia is the country in the Little Entente least likely to go Nazi, even though it contains more Germans than the others. The reason is that Hitlerism threatens the very foundations of Czecho-Slovak existence. Czecho-Slovakia is indissolubly bound to a pro-French, anti-German course. Neither in Rumania nor in Jugoslavia is the issue quite so clear. It would be a grievous overstatement to say that these countries have "deserted" France and are already in German hands, spiritually; nevertheless, powerful temptations to an eventual pro-German trend are manifest, especially if the international situation develops in Germany's favor.

Take Rumania. Its chief crop is grain, and Germany is potentially its inevitable market. France and Rumania's partners in the Little Entente are able to buy very little Rumanian grain. Germany can buy it all. Again, Rumania's chief worry in foreign policy is the Bessarabian problem. Rumania seized Bessarabia, the rich province adjoining the Ukraine, after the war, and ever since has mortally feared an attempt by Soviet Russia some day to get it back. Rumania's chief supporter in foreign policy has been France. But now France is an ally of Soviet Russia. Therefore Rumania feels that France is no longer as dependable a friend as heretofore in support of her Bessarabian claims. Again—a point that should not be forgotten—King Carol is a Hohenzollern, and has always had pro-German tastes.

The Iron Guard, the chief fascist organization in Rumania, has thoroughly terrorized the country, from the King down. It murdered Duca, the Liberal Prime Minister, in December; its leaders, including even Codreanu, got off scot-free. The Iron Guard has corrupted and infiltered the army; it has strong influence within the National-Peasant Party; its finger beckons toward the royal palace. Its members are "idealists" (Balkan for "terrorists"); they aim at the "spiritual regeneration" of Rumania (apparently by killing the Jews); they are violent nationalists, which means that most of the leaders are Greek, Hungarian, Ukrainian, or Gipsy in origin. They have, above all, a beautiful red flag to get perpetually mad on—the comely person of Magda Lupescu, the King's mistress, who is Jewish. If a revolution comes in Rumania, it will be largely Madame Lupescu's innocent fault.

Jugoslavia too has been much perturbed by the phenomenon of Hitler. Like Hungary and Rumania, it is overwhelmingly an agrarian country, and Germany, with 65,000,000 customers, is, or should be, its best market. Like the Rumanians, the Jugoslavs are, after all, in the business of nationhood for what it brings them; and once they are convinced that Germany, not France, is the strongest Power on the continent their economic sympathies with Germany are bound to find political expression. Germany is not yet as strong as France. Let Germany prove her prowess by, say, taking Austria—which is one of the supreme reasons that Hitler wants a victory in Austria so badly—and both Rumania and Jugoslavia will rock in dismay, admiration, apprehension, and perhaps—eventually—will accept German "protection" and "support."

Jugoslavia has an enemy—Italy. Everything that tends to weaken that enemy is good for Jugoslavia. Politics in the Balkans are not, alas, built on the principles of neighborly love; rather they are a calculated series of cancelations of mutual hates. It would be too much to say that Jugoslavia actively would like to see Anschluss between Austria and Germany even though Anschluss would gravely weaken and embarrass Italy by bringing strong Prussians instead of weak Austrians to the Brenner Pass. Anschluss would be a mortal blow to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia's ally, and it would bring directly to Jugoslavia's frontier, as to Italy's, a block of 75,000,000 Germans. But Jugoslavia is nearer sympathy to Anschluss than any other European country. "We would not fight to keep Hitler out of Austria," a high official told me in Belgrade the other day. "If, on the other hand, Italy invaded the Tyrol, we would have to enter Carinthia." This, be it noted, would mean fighting against Italy—on Germany's side.

The Jugoslavs are inclined to be bored at times with the Little Entente. They feel that it exists largely for the benefit of Czecho-Slovakia, and that Rumania, to say the least, is unreliable. The Jugoslavs are the chief military pillar of the Little Entente and would have to bear the brunt of any struggle in which it was engaged. Jugoslavia was tempted into the Balkan Pact largely to have another alignment in its pocket if the Little Entente broke up.

Hungary, it seems, is on the fence. Hungarians respect the latent power of Germany. But they have no great desire to have Germans as their immediate neighbors. Anything that weakens Czecho-Slovakia is beneficial for Hungary; therefore Hungary might be expected to welcome Anschluss. But General Gömbös, to date at least, has thoroughly committed himself to a pro-Austrian, pro-Italian policy.

Meanwhile in Austria, the real focus of the whole struggle, the Dollfuss dictatorship miserably attempts to put its half-baked fascism into force. The corporative constitution, superimposed on the people by a masterpiece of hypocritical and sophistic "legality," is one of the most reactionary documents in the world. The Socialist tenements, models of benevolent paternalism, are to be mortgaged. Vienna, containing one-third of the population, is to be "represented" in the new federal diet by two members out of fifty-nine. Absolutism, parochialism, clericalism rule the country. Austria "saves" Europe from Hitler, but Austria is seething; and around Austria—and beyond—Hitlerism purrs and bubbles.

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The Drought and the AAA Program

By BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD

Madison, Wisconsin, June 20

A SUPPORTER of the cheaper-dollar issue in 1900, on finding the second Bryan campaign less thrilling than the first, asked the Great Commoner whether or not he himself still believed in Free Silver with the same fervor as in 1896, and received the answer, "If I had known the Lord was going to solve the money question, I wouldn't have tried it myself." The cyanide process of recovering gold from low-grade ore had taken much of the punch out of arguments to the effect that gold was desperately and permanently scarce.

The New Deal based substantially all of its program and procedure during the first year, as it had its 1932 promises, on the assumption that the primary and abiding trouble with agriculture was overproduction. Little or nothing was said concerning the significant fact that production per capita had not, in recent years, shown any tendency to increase. There has, in fact, been a per capita decrease over the past six or eight years. This does not mean, however, that there has not been a surplus. A surplus is strictly a relative matter. When there is too much, one may as well call it a surplus as resort to more involved or elusive terms. From the standpoint of any producer, a surplus exists when his stock on hand will not sell for a price sufficient to keep him in business, enable him to meet his obligations, and permit him to maintain his standard of life. It is not necessary that buyers refuse to take his produce off his hands. For example, the dairy output has been about normal for some years. All that has been produced has been consumed. Hence the contention that there has been no surplus is, on the basis of quantity alone, quite defensible. Demand usually equals supply. The difficulty comes in a wrong interpretation of demand, and at the same time a failure to understand the nature of supply. Demand consists primarily in buying power. It is measured in dollars rather than in appetites. On the other hand, supply consists more directly and significantly in the quantities offered than in the actual quantity in existence. In the case of most agricultural commodities, the sales from the farm are comparatively prompt, taking place within the season or the year, with many products which must be sold from day to day. Few farm products other than cotton, wheat, and tobacco are piled up in storage to any great extent.

An oversupply then, does not so much mean an unused surplus as it means too low a price. The low price means either the buyers' response to superabundant offerings, as seen in the potato market when there are more potatoes grown than can be used, no matter how low the price, or in the world's sugar market, with offerings in 1930 almost double those of twenty years earlier. But in most products there has been no such spectacular increase in output. The supplies have been within bounds so far as most agricultural output is concerned. The bidding for this product has been weak, not because of unusual supplies, but because of the breakdown of demand. In the first place, Europe would not, and could not, take our normal exports because of the limited means by which we permitted payments to be made for them. We wanted the cash, and got it. Then we lent, in one form or another, the value of our exports to the foreign buyer, until the debts, public and private, owing from foreign countries and citizens to us ran into the tens of billions of dollars.

With our heads buried in our own surpluses, we became surplus-minded, and set the whole force of the government, through the AAA, at work to reduce the excess of production to the vanishing-point. The farmer was told in statistical figures from the federal bureaus, and in figures of speech from higher up, that his salvation lay in reduction, not in production. The foreign market outlet was not forgotten. It was remembered, but with despair only.

And now, if the Democrats had known that the Deity was going to take care of the surplus, they wouldn't have spent such quantities of effort and money in trying it themselves. What is more, if they had had a bit of faith and courage in trading with our former customers across international boundary lines, they would not have put a thousand times as much effort into reduction of output at home as they put into the effort to restore foreign trade during their first year in control. The reduction of the surplus, however, was their main objective. Outside the cotton belt the fight to reduce the surplus has now, all at once, taken on the aspect of an army, girded for battle, and finding only Quaker guns confronting it. The drought reaches from New York to the Basin States, and includes everything north of the Ohio River. Within this area is found the great bread-basket of the nation. Wheat will be little over half a crop. The feed grains, with the possible exception of corn, will hardly make over half a crop, while hay and pasture are rated still lower. A prospect such as this would, five years ago, have sent prices upward with a bound, while now it has created but a mild stir among buyers. Of course, the bins are not empty, nor will all of them be so at the end of the present crop season. We shall have wheat beyond the normal carry-over of ten years ago still on hand a year from now. The people are not going to starve, nor yet, so far as can be seen at present, will they be called upon to pay pre-war parity prices for very many farm products. An influence which would have sent prices to a much higher level than mere price parity with a five-year pre-war base is held firmly in leash by the straitened circumstances of the buyers. The reduced output will, of course, have the effect of increasing prices. Some examples are already evident. But without waiting to see whether or not the prices are going up much or little, the government must return to its time-honored job of advising farmers with respect to the best "catch" crop to plant, the latest date for planting soy beans or millet with the hope of a crop, and whether or not any crop whatever, without restriction, may be planted on the rented acres.

The men at Washington guiding the fortunes of the AAA are clever enough, as they put the great machine into reverse gear, to state that planning does not, of course, mean going always in one direction. In April it looked as though we needed reduction of output ranging from 10 to 50 per

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cent of the leading crops and products. In May they were hesitant in making concessions to the drought-stricken districts in the way of easements respecting contracts signed. In June it appeared that outside the cotton belt, where the privilege of using the rented acres was most liberal from the start, restrictions were no longer to apply, as first prescribed.

From the standpoint of a lesson in social control, the drought comes at an unfortunate time. We had made a nation-wide appeal to the farmers asking that they conform to the plans and views of the group. It was, and is, a gigantic plan. There was much difference of opinion as to the degree of conformity to rules which was to be expected of three million farmers scattered over three million square miles. The plan followed was, ostensibly, voluntary, but almost before it was given a trial, the voluntary features were eliminated from the biggest single venture, that of the control of cotton. However, this was a case of voluntary compulsion. Those who had volunteered to come in voted almost unanimously that those who had not volunteered should be brought into camp. A similar modification of the wheat program was under way, but was headed off by the drought. Coercion, as thus far developed, not only applies to those who failed to sign contracts, but likewise applies to the quantity of goods which may be marketed by those who had agreed to acreage control. The test of the voluntary phase of control, such as was in progress in the corn-hog program, bid fair to be extremely important. It was a major effort at social control, without force—probably the greatest undertaking of its kind ever known in the world. At present it is largely in abeyance.

Planning for agriculture did not begin with the New Deal. It had, for example, been prominent in our land policies almost from the first. We planned to settle the wilderness, and sold wild land at "ten shillings" per acre. We hastened the settlement by giving quarter sections away as homesteads. We modified the homestead law to facilitate the settlement of the semi-arid plains. We drove out the cattlemen and tore up the grass in the interest of a higher civilization. We irrigated with government money when private capital was no longer available because of the judgment against the ventures. In all of this we did, however, leave the individual to his own devices except on a few occasions, as, for example, when the government granted seed loans during the seven lean years, thus enabling the settler to survive on his own through the seven (never consecutive) fat years.

In this connection appears the most hopeful phase of the newly planned agriculture, which is the proposal to take millions of acres of submarginal land out of cultivation and turn them back to a use for which they are fitted. Toward the fulfilment of this program the drought has made a valuable contribution. The present tragedy of the short-grass country with its wheat farmers has impressed itself on the nation as never before. With twelve million pounds of soil dropped into New York City alone by a three-day wind, little further argument should be needed. Our statesmen will agree with the cowboys and the Indians that the dry land should not have been broken up. The story is told of a party of public men working on the wheat front during the war. They were on an Indian reservation in Montana, conferring with an Indian chief regarding the extension of the wheat acreage. As they sat in the sagebrush eating lunch, a small whirlwind crossed a tract of land already plowed, carrying a black column of dust hundreds of feet into the air. The educated Indian turned to the white men and said, "You call that merely a whirlwind, but my religion is different from yours. To me it is a message from the Great Spirit saying, 'You ought not to have plowed up this ground.'" And a member of the party retorted, "The Great Spirit was right."

We are never thankful for the plagues visited upon us by nature, and as individuals we are reluctant to accept the clear-cut verdict to the effect that we should cease fighting against heavy odds, playing, as it were, against loaded dice. The repossession by the government of some of the land which should never have been in private hands, at least not without restrictions as to use, may be greatly hastened by the drought. What to do with the unfortunate persons who must move out of these areas has not been determined, and is not easy of determination. But since nothing can be much worse than their present plight, the chances of improvement are excellent.

Another good lesson we should get from the drought is that, since such widespread distress is to be expected now and then, we should have an organization able to cope with it adequately and promptly. The AAA product-curtailment forces were turned almost instantly into a drought-relief army greatly to the advantage of the people in need of help. The drought, with its 20 to 50 per cent reductions in output, will make our proposed reductions, half as great, look small. We will learn something as to the influence of supply on price, and conversely will have clearer ideas concerning surpluses. It may be that something in the nature of widespread crop insurance will be found feasible, and henceforth be used to soften the blows of calamities such as the present drought is proving to be for many farmers. The crop-benefit or land-rental payments now being made assume the aspect of insurance, although not designed as such. Insurance covering crop yields has, through other channels, made little progress.

We shall be forced to appreciate to some extent at least the results of reduction of output on employment. More farmers will be looking for work. The railroads will have less to do. The mills will grind smaller grists; the merchants will have smaller stocks. In general, there will be less work to do. We may be driven a little faster than we anticipated toward a self-sufficient nationalistic basis, but in advancing inadvertently toward the goal we hoped to reach by orderly and rational steps, we are likely to find difficulty in holding the ground gained. Already there is a widespread feeling that the drought has given the AAA a knockout blow. It is indeed more than doubtful that the reductions in farm output planned by the New Deal, outside the cotton control, had they been carried through to the letter, would have resulted in an added farm income of importance. A more drastic reduction under rigid control could, presumably, force higher prices, as the drought results may prove. But next year we shall have to argue the case over again from the beginning. Output can be controlled, over any period of years, such as a decade or less, through control of acreage, and prices can be influenced by quantity of produce. On the other hand, the providential reduction of this year's farm output will emphasize the truth that prosperity and plenty are more fundamentally and happily related than are scarcity and price.

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The Crawford Case

An Experiment in Social Statesmanship

By CHARLES H. HOUSTON and LEON A. RANSOM

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People always insists that cases tentatively proposed to it satisfy two tests before it will handle them: (1) Is an injustice about to be perpetrated upon the individual because he is a Negro; (2) Does the case involve principles or policies affecting Negroes generally. It entered the George Crawford case on this basis.

Prior to Crawford's arrest in Boston on January 12, 1933, certain rumors had gained currency in Virginia that Crawford was not the real murderer of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and Mrs. Mina Buckner in Middleburg on January 13, 1932, but that he was to be sacrificed to cover up the guilt of a white man. When the press reported that Crawford had been arrested in Boston and was held for return to Virginia, the national office of the N. A. A. C. P. requested Butler R. Wilson of the Boston bar, president of the Boston branch of the association, to investigate.

The report from Boston on January 20 was that Crawford denied all guilt, that he had a complete alibi; that he had come to Boston from Virginia about September 5, 1931, and had not been out of the city until long after January 13, 1932, the date of the murders; that the Virginia authorities were on their way to take Crawford back and that Mr. Wilson was going to resist. Rendition hearings were begun before S. D. Bacigalupo, Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts, on January 25, Crawford being represented by Mr. Wilson and J. Weston Allen, former Attorney-General of Massachusetts.

The national office sent Helen Boardman, who had made several noteworthy investigations for the association, to Virginia. Her primary assignment was to get the temper of Loudoun County, in which Middleburg was located, and determine the risk of a lynching if Crawford was returned. Miss Boardman incidentally picked up certain information casting doubt on Crawford's guilt, and about February 3 reported this back to the national office.

Basing its action on the Boston alibi, which was supported by witnesses, Miss Boardman's report, and the further story from Boston that Crawford had already been a martyr to Virginia injustice—having been sentenced in Richmond about 1925, so the story went, to nine years in the penitentiary for receiving some cartons of stolen cigarettes—the national office in good faith released its publicity proclaiming Crawford's innocence of the Middleburg murders and calling on its friends to support its fight to prevent Crawford's return to Virginia.

The decision of the Governor of Massachusetts to return Crawford to Virginia, the writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Lowell, and the subsequent proceedings in the federal courts are well known and need not be repeated. Until October, 1933, when the United States Supreme Court refused to hear the case, all the energies of the association and counsel were directed toward keeping Crawford in Massachusetts. It was October before further investigations could be started in Virginia, and before counsel had free access to Crawford to check with him the various facts discovered. By that time the case had achieved an international notoriety, and the association had become committed to it beyond any possibility of withdrawal.

When counsel began to investigate the case in Virginia and check their investigations against Crawford's story and the Boston reports, an entirely different picture began to appear. No criticism whatever is made or intended of the conduct of the case in Boston. Messrs. Wilson and Allen made a devoted, able fight for Crawford with the information and material which were available. They simply did not have the information which the authors of this article later obtained in Virginia. Likewise no criticism is made or intended of the report turned in by Miss Boardman; but it happens that in the time available to her Miss Boardman was unable to talk to the persons who possessed direct information about Crawford's presence in Virginia. She did not talk with any of the Virginia Negroes, or with the Washington police who were called in by the Loudoun County authorities to investigate the case.

Whereas the Boston story had featured Crawford as taking a nine-year sentence for receiving stolen cigarettes in order to save a sister from prosecution, the court records in Richmond disclosed that Crawford was a second offender. He had been given three years in 1921 for receiving stolen goods. He had escaped in May, 1922, and the November following had been caught and sentenced in Richmond to five years for larceny of diamond rings from his employer. Three years had been added for the previous escape, and two more years for his being a second offender. He had been discharged in 1930 under a commutation of sentence for saving the life of a prison guard named B. A. Coleman, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

The Boston alibi had placed Crawford in Boston continuously from about September 5, 1931, straight through January 13, 1932. But it began to develop from friendly colored people that Crawford had returned to Virginia before Christmas, 1931, and had been in and around Virginia from that time up until the time of the murders. It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress; but they certainly did not appear to be under any duress, and in at least one instance the colored boy who talked with counsel had previously refused to divulge his information to the prosecution.

Counsel have been criticized because they spent most of their time trying to discover what evidence the prosecution had against Crawford and because they left the investigation of the Boston alibi to the last. But the Boston alibi had already been investigated and presented at the rendition hearing in January and February, 1932. Any change in the terms of the alibi would have been ground for suspicion. Crawford brought the Boston alibi back to Virginia with him just the same as if he had wrapped it in a package and

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carried it in his hand. On the other hand, counsel had to investigate the evidence of the prosecution in order to develop their theory of the defense.

As a matter of fact, at the end of November, 1933, two weeks before the trial, Mr. Ransom and James G. Tyson of the Washington bar, who with Edward P. Lovett, also of the Washington bar, assisted in the defense, went to Boston to check up on the alibi and on Crawford's alleged confession, and to make a general investigation. Through a misunderstanding which can hardly be laid at their door, they failed to see two alibi witnesses who had given important testimony at the rendition hearings, and who still persist in their original testimony that Crawford was in Boston on January 13, 1932. But against the accuracy of their memories there are three objective facts which tend to show that Crawford was in Virginia:

1. On Christmas eve, 1931, the Ilsley cottage in Middleburg was entered and a gold watch stolen. In January, 1932, shortly before the murders, Crawford turned up in Lynchburg at Coleman's home and pawned *this same watch* to Coleman for the price of a bus ticket to Richmond. Coleman produced the watch at the trial, but upon the defense objection that the watch referred to a separate, unrelated crime the court ruled the watch out of evidence and did not permit the prosecution to identify it.

2. About 4 a.m. on the night of the murders two Negroes abandoned a Ford car on the Virginia side of the Potomac River just outside of Washington, D. C. This was Mrs. Ilsley's car. It was taken to the Washington police headquarters, and when it was searched, a note indisputably written by George Crawford was found on the floor. Further evidence tended to establish that Crawford had written the note two days before the murders. Criticism has been made that the Washington police did not find the note on the first search of the car, and that counsel did not bring this out on cross-examination. But what difference did that make if it was actually Crawford's note, written under the circumstances which counsel knew it had been written under? Counsel saved the force of their cross-examination for the crucial things which could really affect the decision of the case either in the trial court or on appeal: the unconstitutional exclusion of Negroes from the grand and petit juries; the testimony of the pathologist who claimed he had found Negro skin under Mrs. Ilsley's nails; the confession which was the missing link connecting Crawford with the crime itself.

3. Crawford's clothes were discovered in Washington, D. C., where he had abandoned them when he fled from Washington after the murders. Counsel went to the place where Crawford said he had stayed, obtained the clothes, and still have them in their possession.

The prosecution produced nineteen witnesses who testified to seeing Crawford in Virginia between December 24, 1931, and January 13, 1932. The majority of these had had intimate contact with him, such as riding in the same automobile or sleeping in the same house. Counsel had interviewed six of the most important of these witnesses in advance of the trial; and either from these six or from conversations with Crawford were able to anticipate what the others would testify to. There were only two witnesses in the entire case whose testimony was a surprise to counsel, and these two were successfully impeached.

Upon the facts as developed from their own investigations and conferences with Crawford, counsel decided not to offer the Boston alibi, but to rest their strategy on forcing the prosecution to prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt and on taking advantage of every reversible error made by the court. In counsel's opinion the court made four errors, any one of which would have served to justify an appeal: (1) The court erred in ruling that qualified Negroes had not been unconstitutionally excluded from the grand jury; (2) from the petit jury; (3) in admitting Crawford's "confession"; and (4) in not striking out all the evidence of the prosecution on the ground of variance from the charges in the indictment. But the jury returned a verdict of guilty with imprisonment for life; the court entered sentence; and counsel failed to appeal. Why?

In the first place Crawford did not want to appeal. It was his case and his life. He did not get into the mess in order to raise the constitutional issues; and if he was unwilling to gamble with his life to challenge further the issue of jury discrimination in Virginia, quite frankly that was his business. When the question was asked whether he wanted to take the chance on the outcome of another trial if the first sentence was reversed on appeal, he stated that counsel could use their own judgment so long as he did not have to take a chance on the electric chair. As Crawford's counsel, the authors of this article took their orders from him.

It was counsel's best judgment that on a second trial Crawford would probably get a death sentence. The trial had been a great nervous strain on the county and State, and had been expensive to them in more ways than one. Most persons in the county felt that Crawford had been extremely lucky in escaping the chair on the first trial. For Crawford to have demanded a second trial in order to challenge the jury issue would have put him in the position of not letting well enough alone. It would have taken him off the defensive and placed him on the offensive against the county. This would have had its inevitable, silent, psychological effect. If Crawford had wished to appeal or if he had received the death sentence, counsel would have appealed and fought the case to the end, because then Crawford would have had everything to gain and nothing to lose; but with a life sentence it was different. Crawford's private, personal interests dictated winding up the case as quickly as possible.

The question remains whether the N. A. A. C. P. was justified in being a party to the compromise. In deciding this question it should be remembered that the decision whether to appeal involved not only questions of law but also question and good-will of the dominant majority. The law itself the very existence of the N. A. A. C. P. is that the Negro can attain full citizenship and equal rights only with the cooperation and good-wil of the dominant majority. The law itself is a powerful weapon, but it has certain definite limitations when it comes to changing the *mores* of a community. A decision that Negroes had been unconstitutionally excluded from the grand jury which had indicted Crawford would not have cured the situation for the future if the dominant group in Virginia had made up its mind that it would use every subterfuge and force to nullify the decision. As early as 1879 in "Ex parte Virginia," the United States Supreme Court had authoritatively proscribed the action of Virginia authorities in excluding Negroes from State juries; but Virginia had ignored the decision and the practice persisted. Consequently the problem before the N. A. A. C. P. was not

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simply to force the issue, but to force it in such a way as to provoke the minimum amount of resistance.

There were indications at the time of the Crawford sentence that the practice of excluding Negroes from juries in Virginia was breaking down. Since Judge Lowell's decision they had begun to appear in divers counties throughout the State. In Fredericksburg in the preceding summer, Judge Coleman had fined a white farmer for contempt in refusing to serve on a grand jury with a Negro. In the Crawford case it is true that Crawford had been indicted, tried, and convicted by white juries from which counsel is convinced Negroes had been unconstitutionally excluded, but these juries had been fair and Crawford had received justice in fact, if not in law. Anyone who insinuates that Crawford was framed in Virginia does not know the facts.

Furthermore, Judge McLemore, who had tried the Crawford case, although he refused to set the white juries aside, had actually made a finding that there were Negroes in Loudoun County qualified for jury service, and had expressed the hope that in the future the matter would be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. It was a real question whether from the standpoint of the ultimate objective of getting Negroes on juries in all the counties of Virginia it was better to force the issue in the Crawford case or to leave the Crawford case where it was as a token to the State that the N. A. A. C. P. raised the jury issue only in the interests of substantial injustice, and did not raise it as a shield to protect guilty Negroes from the penalties of the law.

Within sixty days after the Crawford case, in Judge McLemore's home county, 15 Negroes had been included on a panel of 175 jurors, the first Negroes to be included since 1902; and the practice has been spreading in other counties. Most significant, there has been no public resentment. The leaders of public opinion in the State say this is due in no small measure to the trial and outcome of the Crawford case.

Again, the N. A. A. C. P. had to consider the question of local community relationships. As an outside organization the N. A. A. C. P. had to calculate carefully how far it was justified in turning the county upside down and then walking out on the local Negroes, leaving them in their weakness to catch the full force of community resentment. Sometimes in major social movements it may be necessary to sacrifice the peace of a community in the greater interests of the whole, but the decision should be made after great deliberation. When the Crawford case opened, the community was tense and hostile. The Negro population was so apprehensive that adequate living accommodations for counsel could not be obtained. Counsel had to commute back and forth from Washington to Leesburg every day of the trial. Yet when the case closed, the atmosphere had completely changed, and both white and colored now report race relations in the county better than ever before. These facts cannot be ignored, especially when it is known that over almost unanimous protest counsel had refused to ask a change of venue and had insisted that the trial be held in Loudoun County where the murders had been committed, under the principle that the real test whether Virginia could give Crawford a fair trial was its ability to give him such a trial in the county where the crime had been committed and where feeling was most inflamed.

It has been stated that Virginia rushed Crawford to a plea of guilty to the Buckner case after a feature article had appeared in the Norfolk *Journal and Guide* in which Crawford had denied his guilt and claimed a frame-up. The truth is that the arrangements for the plea had been made before the article appeared. When Crawford was confronted with the article, he denied having authorized it; but even then counsel would not take the responsibility of pleading him guilty. He was advised that he did not have to plead guilty and could have a trial if he wanted it; but of his own free will he declined a trial and entered his plea.

In appraising the conduct of the Crawford case it is necessary to consider both the immediate and the long-range objectives. It is impossible to reach a conclusion *in vacuo*. The thoughtful reader should project himself right into the community and courthouse in Leesburg, with the responsibility of making a decision which will mean peace or discord to the human beings who will have to live there after he has gone, and should try to anticipate the repercussion of his decision throughout the State five, ten, fifteen years hence.

In their disposition of the Crawford case counsel were not trying to establish any universals. They were dealing with a concrete case in a concrete way. The Scottsboro cases present quite different factors in a different setting; the same for the Elaine, Arkansas, riot cases (*Moore* v. *Dempsey*, 261 U. S. 86—1923), although there counsel pleaded the six defendants guilty to a less serious charge by way of disposing of the cases after the United States Supreme Court had ruled that the previous conviction under mob domination violated due process of law.

Virginia knows that the N. A. A. C. P. has not dropped the jury issue. It knows that the N. A. A. C. P. is in the fight to stay until every Virginia Negro enjoys all the rights, powers, and privileges of every other citizen of the Commonwealth; but it also knows that the N. A. A. C. P. program is to foster rather than to destroy interracial cooperation, mutual confidence, and good-will.

[*In last week's issue Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening criticized counsel's defense of George Crawford and the attitude of the N. A. A. C. P. toward the case. This article is Mr. Houston's and Mr. Ransom's reply.*]

In the Driftway

SEEKING communion with his fellow-man, in the large and in the raw, the Drifter recently elected to travel by bus from Washington to Pittsburgh. The bus, so the Drifter had been informed, is a highly democratic conveyance for several reasons. First, it is relatively uncomfortable; second, it has a warm human smell, blended of gasolene, Fleur de Lys, and what Listerine is supposed to be good for; third, the narrow aisles and the common endurance of physical distress induce a breakdown of that quasi-hostile suspicion with which your typical American confronts his world. In short, so the Drifter had been informed, a train load of people is just a crowd, whereas a bus load is a party. The Drifter is still mulling over that party in his mind. Everything was exactly as described, only more so: the jolts, the smells, the furtive, tentative efforts at human converse and intimacy. Yet on the whole, the Drifter cannot remember a comparable experience of moral and spiritual isolation and defeat.

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PERHAPS it was the hundred-and-twenty-horse-power steel-and-rubber personality of the bus itself that subdued and saddened us all. Theoretically, we had employed the bus and its driver to take us somewhere, and we all had sundry frail and dubious reasons for going wherever we were going. Actually, the categorical imperative of the bus overawed us. Beneath the steady rebuke of its roaring, sixty-mile-an-hour manifest destiny, the outcries of a drunken woman in the rear grew gradually fainter. The Drifter's seat companion, a middle-aged and loquacious woman, cut short her triumphant exposition of her indubitable respectability, glared at him, and edged over to the window. The Drifter, too, was silent. When he mounted this Juggernaut he had some idea of rising, clearing his throat, and making a little speech. "Brothers and sisters," he would have said, "we are all Americans. And we are all in the same bus. Let us, then, be aware of each other, look kindly at each other, and take counsel. . . ."

* * * * *

THE Drifter didn't say that, or anything. Instead, he listened to the intestinal rumblings of the monster that was bearing him over the May-green ridges of the Alleghenies, with a honk at the darkened fields of Gettysburg, a splatter of exhaust gas fouling the fragrance of the spring night, blurring history, humanity, and nature in a whirl of irrational, mechanical necessity. The Drifter even derived a certain masochistic pleasure out of his surrender to the categorical imperative of the bus. But in the morning, after a night's sleep, he felt differently. Next time he will try a smaller, slower bus, perhaps, but he will yet make that speech.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Klan Revives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It has been a matter of common knowledge that the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations have shown a vital interest in fighting against the International Labor Defense, and an active, violent opposition to the defense this organization has afforded the Scottsboro boys, Angelo Herndon, the sharecroppers of Alabama, as well as other working-class defendants not only in the South but in every part of the country. On numerous occasions I. L. D. offices in Atlanta, Birmingham, and other places have been raided and wrecked by these organizations. Such raids have never resulted even in "investigations" by police, and in many cases there has been good reason to believe that the police uniform was hidden under the nightshirts.

Heretofore, the connection between police and state authorities and these fascist organizations has been apparent enough, but in most cases an official organizational link has not existed openly. The latest move of the White Legion in Birmingham, however, indicates that this link, which in an earlier period put open Ku Klux candidates in the highest public offices, is being revived. A realignment of forces, a reorganization of them, and an attempt to consolidate them are being made.

Not only is the White Legion the main support of Bibbs Graves in his candidacy for Governor of Alabama, not only are its main planks anti-red and for the execution of the Scottsboro boys, but the organization has opened a campaign admittedly aimed at barring I. L. D. lawyers from the defense of the Scottsboro boys and other prisoners. The campaign, a direct attack on the constitutional right of defendants to an attorney of their choice, is for the passage of laws described as intended to prevent out-of-State attorneys from "embarrassing our courts" (the quotation is verbatum). This campaign is linked with the gubernatorial campaign of Graves, one of the two leading candidates. The Associated Press states in a dispatch that "the drive . . . apparently was aimed at the International Labor Defense sending attorneys into the State to defend the Scottsboro Negroes . . . and to appear in another case that led to the lynching."

The "lynching" referred to is undoubtedly that of Dan Pippen, Jr., and A. T. Harden, at Tuscaloosa, last August. Only the I. L. D. and its attorneys showed, through intensive investigation, how clearly this case was a frame-up. It was this exposure that impelled the authorities—who, we have charged, were directly involved—to hasten the lynch process by the murder of the two defendants, after driving the I. L. D. attorneys out of town. Even further proof of the frame-up was given when the accidental survivor of the lynching, Elmore Clarke, the third defendant, was released last week following a *nolle pros.*

A companion law would, as described by the Associated Press, prevent employment of any teacher in State-supported schools and colleges "who is directly or indirectly connected with, or in sympathy with, atheism or communism." As the desperate struggle to secure the freedom of the Scottsboro boys continues, the issues involved become constantly broader and clearer, and its political aspects in the fight for democratic rights for Negroes and for white workers as well are increasingly apparent.

This latest move of the main organization behind a Democratic gubernatorial candidate is one which should arouse the opposition of thousands of individuals—lawyers, intellectuals, and others—previously unenlightened regarding the breadth of the issues involved in Scottsboro. Of those among your readers who are stirred by this new call to action against fascism in America, against lynching and against the roots of lynching—discrimination—we ask that they give voice to their opposition to these proposed laws wherever they are, by word of mouth, by letters to editors of newspapers, by the writing of articles (our records in the Scottsboro case are available to those who need background material), by individual protests and stimulation of protests from organizations of every shade, directed to Mr. Graves at his Birmingham campaign headquarters and to the State legislature of Alabama.

New York, May 30 LOUIS COLMAN

A Liberal Protests

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"The good old cause," as Whitman used to say, impels me to write you this letter. In your current issue Louis Fischer asserts that in Russia "life grows easier." That may be so. But the obvious implication of his caption, namely, that life is tolerable in Russia, is clearly disingenuous. Glibly he glides about amid certain figures in order that no one shall examine them critically. Have you done so? Do you see to it editorially that your readers do? He tells us (1) that a worker's average income is approximately 140 rubles a month; (2) that in the ordinary cooperatives where citizens make purchases on their ration cards, these cooperatives selling only bread, meal, potatoes, herrings, sugar, a man would have to spend roughly one ruble a day or thirty rubles a month for bread enough to keep alive on. At the commercial stores where butter costs thirty-five rubles a kilogramm this average Russian evidently cannot buy

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anything. If he is lucky enough to belong to the small ruling class of this "classless" society, he may, however, purchase supplies more reasonably. How reasonably? Mr. Fischer, who must have an idea, slurs the question by saying "one must first ascertain" what reduction this aristocrat receives in the "closed factory cooperatives." Let us suppose that he receives a reduction of 50 per cent. Then he will pay (if he can) 12 per cent of his monthly income for about two pounds and two ounces of butter and 15 per cent for a little over a pound of tea and so on. In other words, the most favored class in Russia barely subsists; the vast majority of the 160 millions live on the bleak and naked edge of hunger.

On the back cover of the number of *The Nation* which contains Mr. Fischer's article on how much "easier" life is in Russia, there is a full-page advertisement of the Soviet American Securities Company. I do *not* draw the inferences that you would draw concerning similar phenomena in the "reactionary" press. But it wouldn't surprise me at all if certain "reactionaries"—a pejorative term nowadays applied to anyone whose critical intelligence is not to be taken in by so-called Marxian babble—will make the observation and draw the inference.

You used to stand four-square for the good old cause of liberty, which is eternal and unchanging, of humanity, which knows no compromise. You resist fascism and subtly sabotage that resistance by exercising no criticism upon the barbarism in which the ration-card of non-proletarians (I quote Mr. Fischer) permits them to have only one-half of the miserable quantity of the miserable food of which the "worker" gets the insufficient whole; a barbarism in which, in other words, you and I and that innumerable company of men and women of all lands have created all the values of civilization, would be brutally starved into seeming to accept that Marxian materialism which is one of the most puerile of the many superstitions that have disgraced mankind.

The fascists offer us their Koran or the sword; the Marxians offer us *their* Koran or the sword. Are there no free minds left who will choose the sword in either case? Well, I do. And you, unless you are faithless to all for which you have stood —you *should.*

Burlington, Vt., June 12 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The International Juridical Association

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of June 13 you referred to a brief drawn up under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union, charging former Governor Rolph with murder for refusing to prevent the San José lynchings. May we call your attention to the fact that the brief was prepared by the research staff of the International Juridical Association, at the request of the Union.

Our research, in the form of briefs, memoranda, consultation, and advice, has been used by many of the organizations and individuals concerned with rights of aliens, Negroes, political minorities, and labor. They include the International Labor Defense, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, farmers, teachers, labor unions, and attorneys scattered throughout the country.

We have just completed two years of publication of a monthly bulletin reporting the developments in our field and analyzing them from the point of view and with the technical advantage of highly trained socially-minded lawyers. All editorial and research work is done without compensation.

New York, June 8 ISIDOR POLIER,
Executive Director

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ANTI-FASCIST BULLETIN

WHAT IS ACTUALLY GOING ON IN GERMANY TODAY?
That there is unrest brewing in Germany today is becoming more generally known.
How deep is the discontent?
What is the basis for the conflict and what is the outlook for a break in the Nazi leadership?
To what extent have the anti-fascist activities in Germany developed?
Has there been a let-up in anti-Semitic repression?
What is the role of children under Hitlerism—both the Hitler Youth and the children of anti-fascists?
How are anti-fascist women treated?

These questions and others are answered in the current issue of the MONTHLY BULLETIN (Vol. I, No. 12) by FACTUAL ACCOUNTS sent by our own correspondents.

MOST OF THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN OUR BULLETINS DOES NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Originally, the bulletins were issued to the members of the American Committee of the International Relief Association, but demands for material contained therein have been so extensive that we have decided to put the MONTHLY BULLETIN on a subscription basis at $1.50 a year. ALL SURPLUS ABOVE THE ACTUAL COST OF ISSUE IS ADDED TO THE RELIEF FUND FOR THE VICTIMS OF FASCISM.

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Enclosed is $_____for a_____year(s) subscription to the MONTHLY BULLETIN issued by the American Committee of the International Relief Association. I enclose an additional contribution of $_____toward the fund for the relief of victims of fascism, without regard to race, creed, or politics.

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Books

Being

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He kept a house beneath a hill,
Lonelier than a whippoorwill;
His panes were bare of any shade;
Clamming was his only trade.
The spruces came up to his house,
He was quiet as a mouse;
He had no garden and no friend,
He did not borrow things or lend,
Never in all his silent life
Had he found room for any wife
Of his own or other men's;
He'd never kept as much as hens.

He could dig clams with the best;
He always wore a blue serge vest
When he was turning up the flats.
Naturally, he had some cats,
Two big old tommies, sleek and sunny,
The color of white-clover honey.
They were a family of three,
Contented as a squash-vine bee.
Snug and still between the tides,
They followed the sun around the sides
Of the fish-house, lost, unseeing,
Busy with the work of being.

Socialism Faces a Changing World

Property or Peace. By H. N. Brailsford. Covici-Friede. $3.

FOR Socialists, as well as for liberals who pride themselves on their realism, the events of the past few years have furnished cause for a serious searching of hearts. The crushing defeat administered to British Labor in 1931, followed by the triumph of reaction in Germany, Spain, and Austria, has rendered belief in an evolutionary trend toward collectivism extremely difficult. Indeed, many observers see fascism rather than socialism as the next step in social development. Under these trying circumstances, a book from the gifted pen of H. N. Brailsford, the noted publicist of the British Labor Party, is especially to be welcomed. Its timeliness is enhanced by the fact that in content, if not by intention, it is a direct reply to the challenge to direct action laid down by Strachey in "The Coming Struggle for Power." And like the latter, it is a book which no one who presumes to have an intelligent view of contemporary affairs can afford to ignore.

At the outset Mr. Brailsford surveys the peril in which democracy finds itself today, analyzing in some detail the reasons for its collapse in Russia, Italy, and Germany. This he finds to be due primarily to its inherent limitations in the face of difficulties, internal or external, which call for swift and drastic action. It is not a matter of chance that parliamentary procedure has failed to adapt itself readily to the needs of the modern world. The framework of existing democracies, with their systems of checks and balances, was specifically designed to harmonize with the economic structure of laissez faire. As that economic doctrine has decayed, artificial devices have become necessary in order to keep the political superstructure intact, and in times of stress even the most staunch democracies have dispensed with their constitutional safeguards. In the sense of popular self-rule, however, it is doubtful whether genuine democracy ever existed. Throughout the past century property has contrived by devious means to retain its seat at the controls, irrespective of drastic changes in the political mechanism. From a realistic standpoint, it must be admitted that the parliamentary system has served as an effective instrument for perpetuating middle-class domination, though it is possible that it may yet be remodeled to meet the requirements of a new social order.

The demise of laissez faire is not the outcome of any catastrophic change in the process of production. Passive wealth, in the form of fixed-interest-bearing securities, coupled with the growth of trusts and cartels, has caused a gradual crystalization of the economic structure so as to prevent an easy adjustment to altered conditions. But the real reason that our society cannot enjoy the vast potential wealth within its reach lies in the disequilibrium between consumers' income and the volume of production, the result of unspent profits in the hands of the owning class. Liberals would remedy this dislocation by providing for state interference in the economic process for the purpose of limiting profits. This Mr. Brailsford holds to be basically unsound. As illustrated by the vicissitudes of the New Deal, the lure of profits is necessary if the capitalist mechanism is to be made to function. Thus the goal of each unit of business would appear to be in fundamental conflict with the interest of society, a contradiction which cannot be reconciled until business is subordinated to the requirements of social well-being.

An even more telling criticism of the liberal position is to be found in Brailsford's analysis of the collapse of all organized efforts to eliminate war. Because of the jealousy with which national sovereignty is safeguarded, no machinery has been created for dealing with the underlying causes of international friction: the League is powerless, for example, to adjust world price levels, to organize the market for primary products, to coordinate the international flow of goods and capital, to regulate the movements of populations, or to formulate adequate labor legislation. At the core of the problem of sovereignty, moreover, lies each nation's claim to exclusive control of its military power. The French plan for a reorganization of armies around an authoritative League is merely a device to stereotype the ascendancy of France on the basis of the Versailles pact, while the MacDonald draft convention calls for substantial concessions on the part of all except the British Empire. Nothing short of a world federation vested with a monopoly of power, Mr. Brailsford assures us, will suffice to guarantee the preservation of peace.

Mr. Brailsford does not suggest that nations strip themselves of the means of resisting predatory force: merely that they organize a system of cooperative defense which most of them profess in theory. But an industrial society which starves its domestic market must go pioneering for an outlet for its surplus; and while it is doubtful whether property ever consciously desires to see the nation with which it is affiliated involved in a destructive war, little objection is offered to minor conflicts with so-called backward countries if they promise new opportunities for trade and investment. The faster the empires of today move toward economic self-containment, the stronger will be the pressure to embark on adventures of this type. Perhaps the most stubborn obstacle to effective disarmament is the necessity of holding the market for vested interests once it has been won by the sword. Imperialism, wherever

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it is found, is based on the relationship of creditor to debtor, supported by all the resources of military power. Even where property is ready to consent to a scaling down of armaments, it cannot permit a weakening of the relative power of the great empires.

While there is little in Mr. Brailsford's penetrating analysis of present-day society to which the realistic observer could take serious exception, non-Socialists will be baffled at times by the solicitude shown for the institutions of democracy. After having portrayed the ruthlessness with which property dominates every aspect of modern life and the ease with which it adapts itself to direct fascist action when threatened in any manner, the author declares that "if Socialists cannot . . . win the assent of a majority of the electorate to a change in system, they could not hope to carry it out successfully during the trials of a period of transition." Despite the obvious economic dangers involved in shifting back and forth between capitalism and socialism, he would "allow Tories, Liberals, and MacDonaldites to organize and agitate" while attempting the transfer of power that leads to socialism. Out of fairness, one should recall that these lines were probably written before the tragic events at Vienna last February. But even on the basis of developments in Italy and Germany, it is difficult to understand how he could assume, even as a working hypothesis, that there will be time to educate the majority of the population to the advantages of socialism before the final sacrifice on the altar of Mammon is consummated. MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Religious Note

Duel. By Ronald Fangen. Translated from the Norwegian by Paula Wiking. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IF loftiness of pretension or urgency of theme alone were sufficient to compose a novel, then Ronald Fangen's "Duel" would merit not only the applause of Sigrid Undset but our own as well. To be told that our days are insignificantly spent, that the life of this world at its best may greet its end with no more than a gesture and at its worst exalt death above life, is to be told important truths of which, perhaps, we cannot be too much reminded. The medium of this message, however, should be worthy of its subject and in "Duel" it is not.

Dr. Klaus Hallem is a middle-aged Norwegian country surgeon, much touched with frustration and envy. Subject to violent fits of depression since youth, he is possessed with death. Fate in the person of his wife, however, and of George Roiter, has hitherto intervened to prevent so vain a release. George Roiter, professor of jurisprudence at the University of Oslo and internationally famous, is in part the cause, though the unwitting cause, of Hallem's defect. He is the opposite of the latter. Not only is he brilliant and successful, he appears to be the repository of all virtue as well. Hallem cannot but compare himself to the latter, and in the comparison endeavor, unsuccessfully, to exalt himself. The shadow of Hallem lies across the life of Roiter, too, but to Roiter his friend is—or so he thinks—an object of pity to be saved. In the end we learn that Roiter's pity has been in reality pride. It is a vice, not a virtue, which is discovered at once to us and to Roiter, who in virtue of this recognition is saved. For he dies in the realization of his fault and with the name of Christ on his lips.

The revelation is unconvincing. We cannot believe that one so kind, so sensitive, so thoughtful has been touched with what, after all, is the first of the deadly sins. We cannot, at least, believe this in virtue of the book itself; Fangen has given us no sign by which the fault might be indicated. For the rest, "Duel" is symbolic in the large Scandinavian manner. There is woman, the eternal mother, and there is the eternal conflict in our nature; but these truths are conveyed to us through no convincing situation. There is no sensibility through which the reality of the symbolism might be established, unless we except the dreary, turgid conversations, or rather monologues, with which Fangen would favor us. Obviously it is the author in his proper person who speaks, since all the characters talk alike.

It is distracting and tedious to observe the progress of implausible characters through implausible situations. The tedium is greater if we cannot observe at all. The situations are nothing actual, they have no verisimilitude. The characters do not speak in part, and no situation suggests or is suggested by any other. Fangen imposes upon our faith; he would give us, not the evidence of things seen, which we desire in a work of the imagination, but of things unseen. By his *ipse dixit* Fangen convinces us of nothing, though this would appear to be the object of his endeavor, it may be unconsciously. What his characters think, what they say, comes not from them, but from him. In the end we know them for nothing but an encumbrance to his theme, the vanity of self. It would have been simpler for Fangen and for us if his sermon had been delivered directly.

LINCOLN REIS

Perpetual Adolescence

Exile's Return. By Malcolm Cowley. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

ARRESTED emotional development creates a perpetual dissatisfaction with reality in any of its phases. Not that reality is rigid or static. But it has for such a being as man in such a world as the present so-and-so many modes, so-and-so many possibilities that are dictated by the psycho-biological character of the race. Now if you cannot reconcile yourself to any of these modes and possibilities; if you are always looking for an "outside" and a "beyond" and an "otherwhere" and place hope and the chance of contentment in that inaccessible region, you and your generation are bound to be, as Mr. Cowley declares his to have been, a "lost generation."

There is not a detail in Mr. Cowley's book that does not echo and reecho this powerlessness to do anything with reality. Take a simple example which, however, goes far to explain some of the literary antics of certain members of his generation. He complains that at school and college he was taught a "standardized Amerenglish as colorless as Esperanto." Now the great literary languages, while not ceasing to change from age to age, have all tended to be standardized within a given age, and men of real talent have never had any difficulty in expressing their originality within the intelligible idiom of their age. The dialect writers, the users of Mr. Cowley's "local idiom," have been few and these "local idioms" have themselves—Burns's Scotch, Mistral's Provençal, Reuter's Plattdeutsch—been highly standardized. To come to the immediate present. Standardized French has not prevented Paul Valéry from being an original and powerful stylist; standardized German did not prevent the dead Rainer Maria Rilke or the living Thomas Mann from creating a lyrical and a narrative style as precise as a treatise on syntax and as fresh as an African dawn. Standardized "Amerenglish" has, to come home at last, in quite recent years been no bar to the creation of two lyrical styles as sound, as beautiful, as individual, as those of Elinor Wylie and Robert Frost. But one must have talent.

One must also know creatively, if not analytically, the "position of the artist in society," namely, that of one who must speak, who must be heard, whose burning secrets must be communicated to his fellow-men, to mankind, quite irrespective of the sociological or economic structure within which he lives, so that the son of a manumitted slave under a military despotism

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(Horace) and a stable-keeper's son in Georgian England (Keats) and a small capitalist's son in an eighteenth-century provincial German city (Goethe) all knew what the artist's necessity and function were and didn't substitute social analysis for their work. They, by the way, as well as all the other important writers in the whole history of literature, belonged to or rose into the middle class of society—the class between the undifferentiated mass and the lusters after power, whether military, political, or industrial—so that the observation of Mr. Cowley that "the middle class was beginning to dominate the world of letters" contains as many errors as it does words.

But no such considerations occurred to Mr. Cowley or his contemporaries. If they were "lost," they were above all lost to the past, to the historic experience of mankind. Neither the work nor the example of any great, of any inclusively human writer is quoted in this book. Literature began, according to it, with the French symbolist poets, very charming writers in their little second-rate way, and blossomed in two eccentrics of genius, Joyce and Proust, and in two very talented men, T. S. Eliot and Paul Valéry, who quite obviously invented their theory of literature as an extremely superior Chinese puzzle to cover their own creative sterility.

Next came, according to Mr. Cowley, in the experience of himself and his fellows, Dada and sur-réalisme, that is, the total disdain of and flight from both life and literature as both in their everlasting and fundamental character exist. "Man and nature and human life" were not good enough for this generation and so, like the late Harry Crosby, to whose dismal and sordid career Mr. Cowley devotes his warmest and most eloquent pages, they lost them all.

The epilogue can be predicted by any student of the contemporary scene. Rightly repudiating the fascist plunge back into tribalism Mr. Cowley, with more moderation and good sense than many of his fellows, makes his Utopia of escape the Communist plunge back. He cannot (I use him here as symbol of his generation) stand on his own feet and utter his message. He seeks the mother womb, the dark, undifferentiated sea at the beginning of things. He wants to drown in the mass. He has never learned to accept "man and nature and human life." He must away; he must escape; he must disappear. It is, in sober fact, the dregs of old-fashioned romanticism. *"Da wo du nicht bist, da ist das Glück."* To which Goethe had already made the sovereign answer: "Here or nowhere is America." "Their real exile was from society itself," Mr. Cowley writes of his friends and himself. No, their exile was from maturity and humanity. Of this exile, their expatriation and their stylistic antics and their general querulousness (to be forever differentiated from creative indignation) are the unconscious symbols.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Politics and the Liberal

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN the epilogue to his life of his friend, Mr. Forster allows Mephistopheles to question whether Dickinson merits the dignity of a biography. And when Mr. Forster has conceded that perhaps Dickinson was neither a preeminent writer nor a practically effective man, he proposes to justify his book by demonstrating the admirable quality of Dickinson's personality. The refinement and charm of that personality no one will deny; but the justification of Mr. Forster's book rests on something firmer and broader—on Dickinson's being representative of a temper of the human mind and the impasse which that temper has reached.

What that temper and its impasse are may best be stated by quoting from a letter which Dickinson wrote about his "A Modern Symposium." Today that polite series of speeches by upper-class political leaders and theorists of all beliefs from Tory to Anarchist is, with its disregard of classes and interests, a scene from another world. But even in 1905 it seemed remote from reality and Dickinson felt called upon to explain his purpose.

> . . . practical politics involves fighting, and the object of such a book as mine, as it was Plato's long ago, is to raise the mind above the fighting attitude. There lies here obscurely the great problem of the relation of ideals to passion and interests which I do not seem able clearly to formulate.

This confusion never, apparently, left Dickinson. In terms of his personal life it is easy enough to see how it arose. At Cambridge he was attracted to mysticism and studied Plotinus. The high-minded, Ruskinian "social view" of the 1880's penetrated the mysticism; he turned to Plato, who, with Shelley and Goethe, formed his youthful views and influenced him throughout life. The three poets fostered in him a finely humanistic political attitude, but one whose overtones of mysticism provided him with his belief in "ideals"—as divorced from "passion and interests." Throughout his life he seems to have maintained a half-belief that truth was absolute and could be apprehended whole.

The essentially religious culture of unorthodox mysticism which was so strong in England, and America, in the nineteenth century, and of which Plato, Shelley, and Goethe were so integral a part, the culture which Matthew Arnold well exemplifies with his "disinterestedness," his "best self," his turning from economic reality, was eventually Dickinson's intellectual undoing. Not his alone, however, for he represented the fate of a large section of the intellectual class. The whole basis of the liberal-humanitarianism of the intellectuals of his generation was the divorce it made between "ideals" and "passion and interests." But since no such divorce exists in politics, "to raise the mind above the fighting attitude" was not to give the minds of this generation a higher function but to betray these minds into becoming the tools of the interests they truly hated.

Politically, Dickinson began as a Carlylean Tory, but he moved left through the years to become a Socialist, apparently of the "Modern Symposium" variety. However, his only strong political feeling was for the League of Nations. Never a pacifist—he was almost jingo during the Boer War, and but for his age he would have enlisted in 1914—he was nevertheless moved by the spectacle of the World War to a consuming hatred of all war. Before he retired to the melancholy silence of a peaceful old age he completed his study of pre-war diplomacy, "International Anarchy." "Anarchy"—so vague a concept—was to him the cause of the great slaughter, and the only hope was "organization." The economic causes of the diplomatic anarchy he did not see or did not stress; the League of Nations—which he had been urging and whose name he is said to have coined—he conceived to be the only bulwark of the world against a recurrence of war.

The League was an "ideal" set against passions and interests. But history moved his "ideal" aside—disclosing the ugly passions and interests which it hid. The inevitable failure of the League ideal was the defeat of Dickinson and of the whole attitude that was merely liberal-humanitarian. Dickinson and the other men who held it were men of good-will whose remoteness from reality, interests, and forces allowed them to serve unwittingly the predatory and the evil-willed.

Mr. Forster has so understandingly portrayed this attitude and the temper of the middle-class mind that embraces it because they are largely his own. As a novelist, however, he has had the advantage of his political colleagues. Although the future does not belong to his kind of novel, ethically based on individual

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"understanding" and "tolerance," in personal life these virtues are still real. In political life, however, history has proved them to be catchwords that becloud reality in the service of the worst "passion and interests."

LIONEL TRILLING

Intuitive Form

Art Now. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

MR. READ is concerned not so much with "art now"—in the sense of present conditions of painting, patronage, tendencies, conflicts, and values—as with the defense of an abstract art and an art of pure fantasy, which are unintelligible to most English and American readers. He values modern art as a pure art, produced by a pure sensibility, and wishes to detach his subject from everything but its own special principles. Despite his conception of modern art as "independent of any sentiments external to its nature," Mr. Read says very little about the paintings themselves. The book is richly—and somewhat incoherently—illustrated, but contains no detailed analyses of the aesthetic structure and qualities of individual works. On the contrary, the greater part is given over to explaining how pure art arose and to the philosophy and psychology behind these products of unconditioned sensibility.

Where Mr. Read attempts to characterize the various kinds of modern painting, he resorts to formulas borrowed from German descriptions of older arts and to polar oppositions like sensational and intuitive, organic and mechanical, Nordic and Latin, form and expression, and the like, which are applied with a bewildering unclarity. In identifying "intuitive form" with "subconscious symbolism" ("the artist projects subconscious symbols which everyone's [!] subconscious immediately accepts") he defines intuitive form, in paraphrase of Mr. Fry, as a "concretion of some kind representing a vague and even a vast field of subjectivity—which was," adds Mr. Read, "precisely our definition of symbolism." Everyone's subconscious, to which this sentence is evidently addressed, will not accept these definitions or precise identifications. Nor will artists trust Mr. Read's sense of pictures when he describes the work of Matisse as symmetrical and architectonic; or when he tells us that the German work of Grosz "can only be accepted in a mood of spiritual asceticism"; or that the Byzantine is a "geometric type of art," and that the "essence of the latter is that it is in no way organized."

The historical chapters show no grasp of the conditioning circumstances under which modern art emerged and no will even to confront them. Mr. Read falsely infers that because art has been the work of individuals for the last 250 years, the development of art must have been independent of social contexts or purposes, as if individuals lived outside society and worked for themselves alone. But even in the latter case they would constitute a peculiar society which must affect the nature of their art. He does not inquire into the content of this individual art, since "the content of art has nothing to do with the nature of the aesthetic process itself." The abstraction of an aesthetic process here, which becomes more important than the work itself, is of a piece with Mr. Read's abstraction of an unconditioned sensibility, or of genius as the essentially aesthetic force, and, later, of a kind of pure nuclear personality, independent of experience, as the rock-bottom reality in art. He believes that in abstract art the real kernel of personality is expressed, whereas in art which exhibits a content the personality of the artist is masked by the personality of the content. While it is true that any scratch drawn by a human hand shows personal characteristics, it is absurd to suppose that a work from which all reference to common experience has been excluded is necessarily more personal than a work dealing with experience. It may be more private, but it is not therefore more personal. The degree to which a work is personal depends not on the subject matter as such but on the nature of the artist's participation in it. Besides, the personal has no value in itself; and, to turn Mr. Read's argument against him, the personal is valued according to its content.

Like other conservative aesthetes Mr. Read identifies social purpose or values in art exclusively with the service of religion. Hence his incapacity to understand that rococo, neo-classic, romantic, realistic, and impressionistic painting, like the preceding religious arts, were valuable to certain social classes in their own day, and that each had a specific content arising from the interests and mode of life of these classes, and that these contents exercised an active influence on the formal character of the styles. The private fantasy of modern painters is itself a content conditioned by the artist's experience. And Mr. Read himself wistfully acknowledges the limitations of this content when he says that if it became necessary, the great abstract modern artists could make cathedrals. They will have been prepared for this task, if not by their present practice, at least by Mr. Read's efforts to identify them with the mystics. But despite the intellectualized spirituality of modern art, Mr. Read in an unguarded moment states that "form and rhythm after all resolve into questions of visual comfort," and elsewhere, that the history of art is simply "the history of seeing."

The modern way of seeing is the result of a revolutionary break with the past. Such revolutions are somehow latent in art; they occur every hundred years or so, or with every generation, and are caused by the inherent diversity of the human spirit. The revolution is also due to the discovery of the genetic method in the study of historical and primitive arts, and to changes in the theory and philosophy of art. The painters appear to be, in the one case, sensibilities with unpredictable mutations, in the other, progressive historians and philosophers. But in another context he quotes approvingly the theories of Semper (1860), who reduced art forms to the interplay of material, technique, and function, and tells us that the method of Semper (which was long ago found inadequate to explain historical development) "must lead to a much better comprehension . . . of the conditions which determine forms throughout history . . . the conditions, we might add, which are determining forms today." None the less, not a word from Mr. Read on technical, material, or functional changes in modern art.

We learn finally in still another part of the book that art changed because life as a whole changed. "The inner world of the imagination becomes more and more significant, as if to compensate for the brutality and flatness of everyday life." In order to give the modern escape the appearance of a universal historical phenomenon, Mr. Read identifies the modern "geometrical" style with the geometrical styles of the past and asserts that all of them arose as reactions from an unpleasant, uncontrollable nature or civilization, as efforts to overcome flux and uncertainty. He accepts Worringer's fantastic picture of primitive man as a spirit fleeing with anxiety the bewildering mobility of phenomena, but the abstract forms arising in modern art as a work of personal fancy, and embodying peculiar attitudes generated in modern social relations, cannot be like the abstract forms created in primitive industry as ornament or in ancient religious life as permanent, impersonal symbols. In the older forms—synthetic schemes, an effort to obtain clarity, a simple order and completeness; in the modern—a deliberate striving for analytic decomposition, for a unique informality, for cryptic involvement, endless subdivision, and irregular parts.

Mr. Read offers his book as a contribution to "the science of art." Judged as such, it is shallow and inaccurate, a pretentious pastiche of German writing.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

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The Factory as Hero

Driving Axle. By V. Ilyenkov. International Publishers. $2.

THE author of "Driving Axle" calls it "A Novel of Socialist Construction." It is a just description. This account of a critical period in the development of a large locomotive plant differs in precisely the measure of that subtitle from the many novels of factory life that have appeared during the last year or so on both sides of the Atlantic. Strikes, battles, poverty, unemployment, the heat, the tension, the monotony, the merciless noise of the workshops were the themes of those tales. And still they come. Some are better than others, a few are very good indeed, but not one of them is cheerful reading. Struggle against all but overwhelming odds is the note of all.

"Driving Axle" is not by any means unremittingly cheery either. It too is the history of ceaseless struggle—against the stupidity of some, the laziness and indifference of others, the deliberate sabotage of a wicked few. But the fruits of the struggle are clear. Men are broken, die, come to promotion, quarrel, are reconciled, but the life of the plant goes on, and through all these happenings, tragic and otherwise, the knitting together of men of diverse character and education into one cooperative unit turning out first-class work for the Soviet proceeds steadily.

Ilyenkov's treatment of his theme reminds one of a story of Kipling's that deserves not to be forgotten, "The Ship That Found Herself." In this story a ship goes on her first long voyage, and the various parts of her, creaking, groaning, protesting against the unimagined strains that fall upon them as the huge vessel gets under way, begin after a time to function properly in their relation to each other. So in "Driving Axle" Platov, who has been away to study as an engineer and comes back to superintend the work of the men he formerly worked side by side with, finds his position difficult. Some are suspicious, some are resentful, while the engineers who have been there much longer are also inclined to give him a chilly welcome. And in the shadows the sinister group of saboteurs watch to see how dangerous he will be to their plans.

These villains of the piece are the blot on the novel, artistically speaking. They are so stagy that they creak as they move, in marked contrast to the reality of the other characters. "Driving Axle" is not a great novel. It is frank propaganda, mainly for home consumption, a sort of twentieth-century Communist version of the cautionary tale dear to our great-grandfathers. But it is tingling with life, and with hopeful and forward-looking life. For all its propaganda it does not in a single instance sentimentalize the workers it describes, but paints them with an admirable clear precision not devoid of humor. There is legitimate and unforced pathos, too, in such episodes as that of the dumb misery of the simple worker, Zaytsev, who, having with infinite pains worked out plans for an idea that has come into his head to save the wear and tear on a certain part of the machinery, finds that one of the engineers, who has pooh-poohed his notion, has adapted it and announced it as his own.

It is not difficult to understand with what interest workers in engineering shops all over the Soviet Union would read "Driving Axle." They would find their own problems, their own crises, their own types mirrored there. Readers outside the U. S. S. R., however, will also find the book extremely informative. Apart from its gallery of portraits, it conveys with real power, the more impressive because it is rather a cumulative effect than a definite exposition by the author, that self-forgetting devotion to an impersonal idea which is the basis of Communist life. The formidable drive of that devotion, which is swiftly becoming one of the main factors in contemporary history, will be better understood by those who have read Ilyenkov's novel and pondered its significance.

R. S. ALEXANDER

Shorter Notices

The House in the Hills. By Simonne Ratel. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Two stories run through this novel: the one, of Isabelle Durras, forced by her husband's absurd vanity and childish jealousy of their son to harden into a symbol of defiant motherhood; the other, the plaintive, delicate tale of the Constant-Nymph child, Isabelle's niece, the Little Crow. Mademoiselle Ratel writes with a quiet competency that fails her only in the introduction of two *dei ex machina,* the revengeful servant, and the hysterical would-be lover. After a hundred pages of a neat blend of fantasy and realism, melodrama rears its unnecessary head and the story of Isabelle suffers an eclipse. The figure of the Little Crow emerges as the chief personality, a tender, moving sketch of a too wise, too sad little girl. The translation is good, conveying both the author's easy, pleasant gifts for characterization and sentiment without whimsy, and the impression that, while crowned with one of France's many annual literary awards, the book is more a promise than an achievement.

Superstition Corner. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

This book, written in Sheila Kaye-Smith's accomplished style, seems thin beside the novels for which this author is best known. This is Kate Alard's story and Kate is Catholic in the times when the Catholics were persecuted by Elizabeth in England. But the reconstruction of Elizabethan characters, of Elizabethan England is sketchy. And Kate herself hardly warrants the reader's sympathy. There are vivid scenes and bits of dramatic action, but the book as a whole is not one of the author's best.

The Method and Theory of Ethnology. By Paul Radin. McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. $2.50.

The Racial Myth. By Paul Radin. Whittlesey House. $1.50.

These two books are both criticisms—the first, of the theories and procedures of Dr. Radin's fellow-anthropologists, the second, of theories of racial endowment which are anything but scientific, but which have persisted in our thinking for untold centuries. The first is a book written essentially for students of social theory; the second is again to be contrasted with it in that it is a work that should have the widest circulation. The principal portion of Dr. Radin's critique of ethnological theory analyzes the method and underlying concepts behind the work of Professor Franz Boas and certain of his students, particularly Kroeber, Lowie, Goldenweiser, and Sapir. Though analytical evaluations of the work of one's colleagues is the mark of a healthy, growing science, it must be confessed that the author's strictures on Professor Boas's work do not quite come off, for since his criticisms are directed mainly at the work of the students of Professor Boas, it is these, rather than he, who are actually most severely attacked. The book suffers from two serious defects: the particular works of these men held up for criticism are, in the main, early and in many instances outmoded products of the scholars he discusses; and the section of the book devoted to considering the theories of European anthropologists leaves much to be desired from the point of view of thoroughness of presentation. In the book on race, after showing how, through the ages, a sense of superiority has marked the thought of people after people, Dr. Radin comes to a consideration of the "Nordic myth," which, he concludes, is but a socialized compensatory mechanism of "the confused late comers" on the historic stage. Showing how, from the days of the Stone Age, contributions have been made to our civilization by

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folk belonging to all racial groups, he then assesses the nationalistic development in Europe which began with the sixteenth century, the "pan-European achievement" of the nineteenth century—with again the proper stress on the manner in which all European types contributed to this achievement—and ends with prognostications concerning the future. His final conclusion is that, in terms of the lines of historical development that can be envisaged at the present time, a world confederation "that is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense of the term" must ensue.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS ADAMIC lived and worked in the Monongahela steel region when he first came to America and has written about the steel workers in "Dynamite" and "Laughing in the Jungle." His latest book is "The Native's Return."

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